JOHN BULL. SEPTEMBER 12, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1578.

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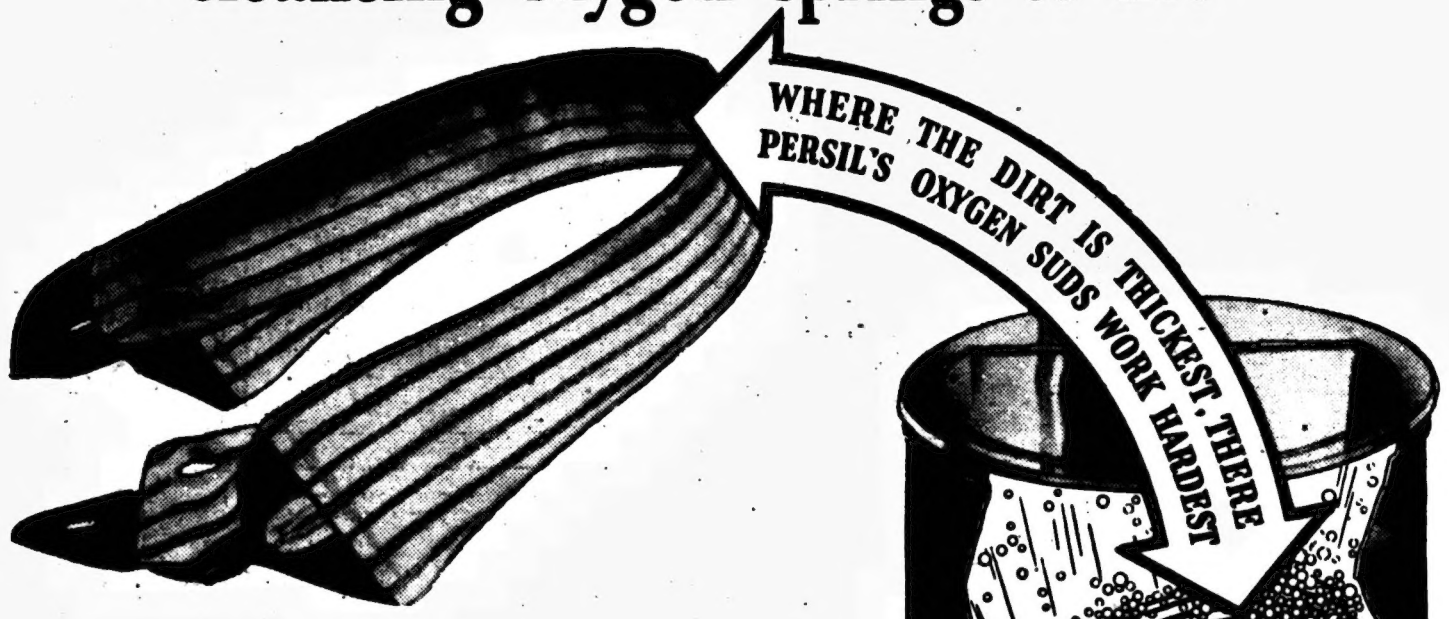
JOHN BULL

. . Immediately Persil soap-suds touch dirt

- cleansing oxygen springs to life



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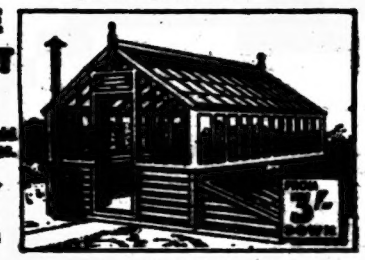

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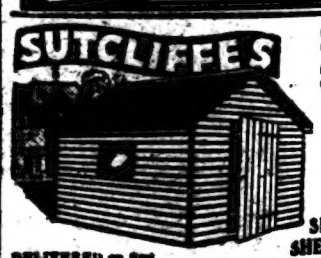

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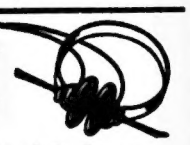

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Simon's Shock for MAGISTRATES

Sir John Simon: "Here is the law. Why don't you administer it properly?"

BEFORE the end of this month all magistrates and magistrates' clerks in the country will receive from Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, a most unusual document bearing instructions for the proper performance of their duties towards bad motorists in the future.

The Law Officers of the Crown have been looking into the facts concerning the handling of motoring offences in magistrates' courts. They have tabulated them, item by item, in a document which is known to be so damning an exposure of magisterial ineptitude that it could produce only one result—intervention by the Home Secretary himself.

Sir John Simon, after viewing the assembled evidence that the law regarding motoring offences and the enforcement of it is being grossly flouted all over the land, has not hesitated to act.

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And in view of the fact that the ghastly road slaughter figures continue at their high levels, John Bull, on behalf of the general public, says a sincere and thankful tribute to the Home Secretary for his energetic action.

This document to the magistrates will, of course, be an extremely polite one—with the sting between the lines.

We know sufficient about its contents already, however, to give the public a definite assurance that there will be neither doubt nor ambiguity as to its meaning. Never again can misconception or misunderstanding be pleaded by any judicial authority in excuse for too gentle or differential treatment of bad motorists.

A great deal will be heard about Sir John's memorandum in the coming weeks. The so-called motorists' friends are already preparing to release a deluge of propaganda to drown it. We do not think the public will be deceived by the manufactured agitation.

The community has been slow to learn, but it is now realising that most of the stampedes that occur at the introduction of every measure for the promotion of road safety are created by a selfish and strident minority without the consent or even the sympathy of the mass of motorists.

Not one motor-car owner or driver in a thousand is a road menace. As a body motorists are not only considerate and careful, but they welcome and observe each new rule or device that enables them to use the roads with less risk of tragedy.

If their voices could be heard as individuals, they would be found to be preponderatingly in accord with the demand to be made by Sir John Simon that there shall be uniformity in the administration of justice. The hostile stir about to be provoked in their name will be completely false and unrepresentative.

The drastic action to be taken by the Home Secretary is dictated by the essential fact that it is usually the bad motorists who benefit from the laxity in enforcing the law and its penalties.

The root of the trouble is that more than 70 per cent. of the serious road charges which come before the Courts are still being dealt with by the magistrates as if they involved only "technical" offences, whereas they amount to criminal negligence, recklessness or carelessness.

Cases abound of motorists being fined £5 or less for offences which led to mishaps causing death or serious injury. These "punishments" proclaim that magistrates are, wilfully or in ignorance, treating grave misconduct on the roads as merely technical infringements of the Traffic Acts.

Sir John Simon's reprimand and orders are inspired, however, by evidence presented to him of something even worse. It is overwhelming evidence of the sheer abuse of "discretion" by the magistrates.

A fundamental principle of British justice is that those who administer it shall not be fettered by standard penalties, but shall impose a lesser sentence than the maximum if a case may seem to deserve it. That principle is a very sound one.

But what many magistrates are doing—whatever the reason—is nothing less than using this discretion *to evade the clear terms of the law.* Their apparent sympathy with bad motorists goes far beyond their practice to impose punishments which neither fit the crime nor the purses of the offenders. It amounts in numerous cases to downright circumvention of the law and its code of penalties.

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In even such a simple matter as the suspension or endorsement of driving licences, the investigation conducted by the Law Officers has revealed an astounding state of affairs. They have taken the country area by area and found it to be common that in one town the magistrates throughout a whole year never interfere with the licences of culprits, whereas in another town, only a few miles away, eighty or ninety per cent. of the offenders have their licences withdrawn or endorsed.

The position has been made a thousand times worse because in many districts magistrates have gone out of their way to find "special reasons" for extremely lenient treatment of motorists who ignore the speed limit in built-up areas—the chief cause of the holocaust of the roads.

Sir John Simon has satisfied himself that not only are the penalties usually imposed for this offence and for careless and dangerous driving not deterrent or prohibitive, but they are in conflict with the clear and unequivocal demands of the law.

Nothing has impressed the Home Secretary more than the fact that in areas where the magistrates, mostly stipendiaries, have inflicted punishments in accordance with the intentions of the law, the invariable result has been a big and sudden diminution of the menaces to public safety.

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And it is more than a coincidence that the accident and casualty rate is highest in the districts where magistrates consistently exercise their discretion in favour of the worst types of motorists.

In some cases which have been placed before the Home Secretary, the magistrates have actually apologised to serious road offenders—all potential killers—for having suffered the inconvenience of being brought to court!

The laws and the regulations for safety on the highways are adequate and the penalties provided are just. Sir John Simon can certainly count on the approval of the nation when he cracks his whip at the magistrates who are either antagonistic to the safety rules or who have not yet learned that transgression of the code is social crime.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

The Tenants Show the Way to Slum Clearance

IF you have never been in the West Riding of Yorkshire, you have most likely never heard of Gildersome. It is a township lying under the shadow of Leeds and Bradford, with a population of only 3,000.

But some of the citizens of Gildersome are making social history. They have given a lead which, if it is followed throughout the country, will do much to remove the gravest housing scandal of the times.

In Gildersome slum landlords wax rich.

Obstruction

And in this small community, as in many other and much larger places, these property owners seem to be able to get the sympathy of the local councils.

So much so that the recommendations of public health officers are flouted and the councils openly default in their obligations to demolish slum and insanitary houses, and to provide the occupiers with decent houses.

It is in a similar way that the intentions of the Government for the rehousing of the people are being obstructed in hundreds of towns up and down the country.

Pioneers

Elsewhere, however, the tenants have so far submitted tamely to this kind of thing. They believe that they have no voice after their councils have said the last word.

Not so in Gildersome.

The slum dwellers there have come to the portals of Whitehall itself with a petition asking for protection against their local rulers and landlords.

They will get it.

It is the first time a petition of the kind has ever been presented to the Minister of Health. Sir Kingsley Wood will welcome them if they now come in upon him by the score every week.

In the dark

It has been left to the people of little Gildersome to discover that this right of petition has legally existed for six years. Councils under the sway of landlords have been careful not to make it known that the Housing Acts confer this privilege.

In consequence, the Ministry of Health has been hindered tremendously by being kept in the dark regarding the refusal of local authorities to carry out their duties when, as in the case of Gildersome, blocks of hovels have been condemned by public health departments as unfit for habitation.

If the example of Gildersome is copied, local authorities everywhere will soon be taught that working-class tenants, not slum landlords, must receive first consideration.

Intrigues

Intrigues are going on in provincial towns over next year's mayoralties. For the men chosen in November will be the Coronation mayors, and there may be something in the Honours List for them.

In several towns where the Parties share the office in rotation attempts are being made to deprive working men of their turn and give it to some local magnate.

If that tawdry meanness arouses ill-feeling, who can be surprised?

More food gambling?

Remembering what happened over the Pepper Pool, we shall keep our eyes on the cocoa market.

Prices are leaping every day, jumps of 6d. a cwt. being frequent. The price is now 32s. 1d., against 19s. 9d. a year ago.

Firms using cocoa are such good employers that it would be a scandal if speculators were allowed to exploit them and dislocate the industry.

Road sense

The most important fact emerging from Mr. Belisha's traffic census is that the roads lag behind the traffic.

Bicycle traffic has doubled in five years; all classes of cars show big increases. And road development in that period has been utterly inadequate, not only for future but present requirements.

Instead of giving the Minister of Transport control over the biggest main roads, why not give him the lot—with sufficient money to tackle the problem in earnest?

Shaming them

As for the latest idea to decrease accidents, it is certainly one worth trying.

From special police vans in the London area lectures will be given through loudspeakers to careless road-users—motorists, pedestrians, cyclists.

Well, there is certainly nothing more likely to shame the foolish than a public rebuke.

Turning them down

Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, must impress on his Exchange officials the need for greater care in rejecting applications for the "dole."

In six months, nearly 9,000 of their decisions are upset by courts of referees, and some of these are test cases, affecting hundreds of men.

Often there is a delay between the original decision and the hearing of the appeal. Meanwhile the unemployed have to go without benefit.

Our lips are sealed

Now listen to this: A Bedford man who has not had a holiday since the age of eight (he is now thirty-one) has the chance of going to a Y.M.C.A. camp at a cost of 5s.

He has been out of work for nine years, but he scrapes up the money and eagerly pays it in. Then the blow falls. The relieving officer tells him that if he goes relief will be stopped to himself and his family!

We could think of a lot to say about that, but we fear it would scorch the page.

Hospital dangers

The Ministry of Health does well to warn hospitals against using surgical catgut which is not sufficiently sterilised—a practice which has already caused several deaths from tetanus.

The trouble is that though germ-proof catgut can be bought, some hospitals attempt to prepare the substance themselves to save expense.

We know that hospitals haven't too much money. But they should hardly stoop to this form of deadly economy.

Shameful Coronation Intrigues

Deadly Economy in Hospitals

For the first time, slum dwellers ask Sir Kingsley for help—and they'll get it

Never say die!

If you admire the "never say die" spirit, you might like to meet Mr. T. Pugh, of Cardiff, a blind man who has taught himself to repair watches and clocks so skilfully that he is regarded as a craftsman equal to sighted workers in the business.

When one thinks of the delicate machinery of a watch it's possible to appreciate his courage and patience in mastering the art of repairing them.

War on race gangs

A new phase in the race gang warfare is coming. But in future the war will be against the gangs and not between them.

As we predicted some weeks ago, the police have decided on drastic measures to exterminate the gangsters, and already Scotland Yard has formed three special squads of picked officers for this purpose. Good hunting to them!

A KEEPER of DARK SECRETS

WHO IS HE?

See Next Week's "John Bull" for an Important Announcement

Sorry to hear it

At the age of ninety-seven, a Weymouth J.P. decides to retire from business and devote his time to magisterial duties.

Believing that ninety-seven cannot understand the problems of twenty-seven, we think it should be the other way round.

Stills still here

The maximum penalty of £1,100 or six months' jail, imposed on a workless Rotherham miner for keeping an illicit still, may seem harsh on first thoughts.

But we welcome the severity shown in this and other recent cases. For, as we revealed some time ago, the trade in crude spirits is growing rapidly, and it can be ended only by making the offenders realise that it is too costly to be worth while.

Mother-love

The week's most horrible story is surely that of the mother-love of a Middlesbrough woman for her son, which led to her killing him rather than he should marry and leave the family.

The truth is that there are far too many mothers jealous enough to prevent their sons from living full and independent lives.

And that type, it seems to us, is more contemptible than the neglectful parent.

Hardship to go

Hardship is often caused by a person being sued for hire purchase arrears in a county court far distant from his home town. Likely enough, he cannot afford the travelling expenses and is thus unable to make an appearance.

We are glad to note that the reform we have often demanded will come into effect on January 1, 1937. After that date, when the amount claimed is not over £20, proceedings will have to be taken in the defendant's own district.

If—

Cabinet Ministers hint darkly about conscription because of youth's "want of patriotism," but are strangely silent about employers' lack of that virtue.

Brotherton and Co., chemical manufacturers with works in five large towns, set an example by granting a fortnight's leave with full pay, apart from normal holidays, to employees who wish to attend Territorial camps.

If the spirit of "take all and give nowt" wasn't so prevalent among large employers of labour, maybe there'd be a few more recruits.

Time to change

For generations one shoe manufacturer's size 4½ has been another's size 5 and another's size 5½. Many of us have gone limping in consequence.

Now manufacturers are going to consider standardising sizes.

Why consider it?

School racket

We are glad the Merchant Tailors' Federation is trying to stamp out the school clothing racket.

Thousands of parents are blackmailed into paying fancy prices for the special outfits which children in many private schools are forced to wear.

But surely the remedy rests with the parents. If they all threatened to withdraw their children, the unscrupulous schools would soon have to climb down.

Narrow-minded

We are out of sympathy with the Sunderland council regarding the visit of the cruiser *Cairo* to the town.

If the ship's officers call on the mayor at the Town Hall they will be received, but the mayor says that he cannot visit the *Cairo* in return, and the usual festivities are banned.

This sort of thing reflects not pacifism but narrow-minded discourtesy.

A human document that will make parents think—for who doesn't aspire to send his or her child to a University?

Oxford undergraduates going to sit for a special examination

Was 'VARSITY Worth While?

by "First Class Honours"

THE sixth form members in that last year were a talented and ambitious crowd. Ten of its members at least, out of the thirty, wished to further their education and improve their prospects in life by going to training college or University. hey had keenness and determination to make hem work, and ability enough to obtain some ward for their labours.

Of these ten who were planning and schemg to go to the University, seven by some chance ved quite close together. I was one of those ven, and it is their story I tell.

By working late into the night, studying hard hile at school and easing up only for a weekd game of football, we *did* get through our aminations, and in varying degrees we were all ccessful in obtaining sufficient money by holarships to carry us through the University, ve three of our number.

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These three who, although possessed of some oney by scholarships, had not quite enough; r our parents were all working class, and so uld not help us in a large way—though they nched and spared that we might not go short.

The three were faced with the alternative of ther mortgaging their future earnings by borwing money from a generous municipality or losing the money they had won. They had the urage to borrow the money.

In October of that year we were "accepted" our respective niversities. We beın our studies.

For three years e worked and conntrated in the quiet d calm but remote d artificial atmohere of the Univerty. For three years r efforts were nailed wn to the subjects which we were king our degrees. r three years none us gave a serious ought as to what we ere to do when the me came to leave.

The illusion that a University degree was the pen sesame" to all the well-paid jobs in life—eated at school by the masters and subscribed at home by our elders—still clung.

In the last two or three months of study we begin to question ourselves about this, but ogre of the "Final Examination" overadowed everything.

Murmurs occasionally reached our ears of old University students who had not yet found s. Those cases we dismissed as being rare, not likely to happen to us. Why, a University gree could get us a job anywhere. It seemed redible that all those years of work at school the concentrated studying for a degree uld not entitle us to some established place in is world of ours.

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Results were published. No one had failed, we were all entitled to put the magic letters B.A. or B.Sc. behind our names.

In June we left the University. Our respecve University Appointments Boards had particurs of our qualifications, and were ready to pply us with details of suitable positions to pply for. But the numbers of jobs they sent ere few, and practically every one of the type here *all* Universities were obviously being canssed.

We began to look for posts ourselves, and very on every individual was busy applying on his n.

By the end of July, B, the keenest of us, had t in over eighty applications for work—and ey ranged from trainee schemes with famous ms to office work with small retailing stores. was sending in personal applications for four s a week. C, on August 1, celebrated his enty-fifth application by selling some of his books to buy stamps and notepaper. E was not so pushing as the others, and had only sent in for ten different posts, while A, F and G had sent in some twenty each or more.

To everyone, without exception, one thing was clear. We were not in demand.

Our enforced leisure was quite different from the carefree vacations during University years, and it was filled in by meeting every afternoon (mornings were invariably spent in looking and writing for work) to go for walks. Our conversations touched on future prospects, new openings and original methods of approach to business firms, and on how and what we still dared to hope.

Our hours were not entirely gloomy and pessimistic, for we still dared to laugh, dubbing ourselves "The Micawbers' Club," and drawing up a list of comic rules as to what must be done when "something turned up."

September came and went, and still we were all Micawbers. Then Christmas. As I write, it is over a year since we left the University with such bright hopes. What is the position now?

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D, a Cambridge graduate, was fortunate in securing an interview for a salesman's job, and his talent carried him on into the job. He is with a good firm, and so far the only one of the "Micawbers' Club" to get a good, sound position.

E, an Oxford graduate, who studied languages and has a fine college football and cricket record, cannot get anything to do at all. Nobody wants to employ him.

C, with a fine University sporting record (he captained his University in his sport) and a high degree can only find part-time employment—teaching.

F has had a very hard struggle since he left the University, and even when he obtained an interview with the Metropolitan Police for a post as ordinary constable, it was only through the generosity of a local gentleman that he obtained the railway fare to London. I am glad to say he was accepted.

The irony of the situation is that in the same form at school was another boy, sound but not brilliant, who four years ago applied to join the Force and was accepted. He has by now four years' experience, and probably a stripe, while the B.A. graduate is just entering as a raw recruit.

A, who took a double first in languages, intended to become a teacher, and stayed on an extra year at the University to gain his Diploma in Education. He obtained that with ease and showed signs in his teaching practice of becoming a brilliant teacher. He could find no work at all until a local farmer offered him a job as one of his labourers.

To-day he rises at six in the morning, cycles four miles to work, and is technically an unskilled labourer and paid as such.

B went behind the counter in a drapery store for two months until he secured a traineeship with a large firm. Even so, his position is none too secure, for he has to serve a probationary period; and what will happen to him should he prove to be unsuited to the job? (B's friend, who did not go to University, has been employed with a similar firm for six years and is a well-paid man to-day.)

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The last one, G, has had temporary jobs in the Employment Exchange, and occasionally odd jobs for municipal departments. At present he is unemployed.

Where are all those bright and fine ideals, those ambitions and those boundless opportunities that seemed ours four years ago? Our University life has been more than a failure; it has been a bitter disillusionment.

To-day we look around and note what the other members of that old sixth form are doing. They are those who tried as we had tried, but failed in their examinations where we succeeded. When we went to the University they went out into the world.

I still know most of the boys (young men now) who were in that class, and every one is in a good, safe position drawing good money every week. Not one of them, save those who went to the University, is out of a job.

All those years of frugal living, striving to make ends meet, hard, concentrated study, and this!

Can you wonder that we and our parents ask: "Was it worth while"?

Loss of memory, fear of the law, domestic strife . . . there are scores of reasons for a person vanishing into the crowd, never to reappear in his own circle, until eventually he is pronounced dead

Legion of t

"His Lordship gave leave as prayed to swear the death of Reginald Arthur Lee on or since July 5, 1930."

THAT announcement appeared in the newspapers a few days ago. It came at the end of an account of "presumption of death" proceedings in the High Courts. Thus, in a dry, prescribed formula of legal wording a man is dead as completely as if the final phrases had been spoken over his body by doctor or priest.

The difference is—there *is* no body. Those words are spoken of the *name* of a man who has disappeared from human ken. But somewhere in all the cities and the wide spaces of the earth there may still be the man behind that name.

Reginald Arthur Lee was the British Vice-Consul at Marseilles, one of the busiest and most important posts in the Service. He was a man known to thousands of British travellers and to thousands of the inhabitants of Marseilles where he had lived for many years.

On July 5, 1930, he walked out of his flat leaving everything in order. He was carrying no luggage. All his possessions in the flat were in their usual places. Nothing had been packed. But from that day to this nothing more has been seen or heard of him.

Large reward

When his disappearance became known ships which had left Marseilles about that time were wirelessed; broadcast appeals were made; his description and photograph were circulated in English and French papers; the British Foreign Office machinery swept into motion and embassies and consulates abroad notified the police authorities in almost every country in the world; for years his family kept up an offer of a large reward for any news or trace of him. But to no avail.

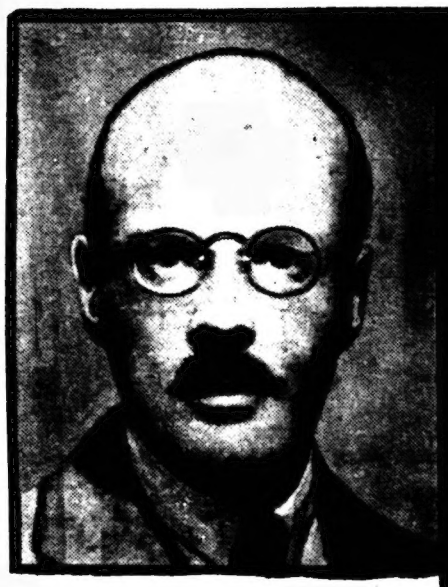
Mr. Lee, however, was a man of substance He possessed some thousands of pounds. And, just as nature abhors a vacuum, the law cannot tolerate an empty query about a man's estate. So a few days ago bewigged counsel stood up in court and made addresses to a judge. And the judge said that Mr. Lee is dead.

There is more drama and more mystery in these "presumption of death" actions fought out within the four walls of the Chancery Courts than in almost any other legal action. There has been half a dozen lately and dozens more are pending. But the public rarely attends them and newspapers seldom headline these cases, though there is material behind them to fill the notebooks of novelists and playwrights.

A few months ago the courts heard the case of Mr. R. W. d'Adhemer, who for many years had been the traffic superintendent of a great Indian railway. In August, 1923, he left Bombay for England to go on leave. He chose to go via Tokio and his brother saw him off. Presumably he arrived in Tokio—but nobody has seen him since.

Shortly after the time when he would have arrived there a disastrous earthquake occurred. Counsel's words in this case—"It is a mystery wrapped in the Tokio earthquake of 1923"—are the last that have been said of Raymond William d'Adhemer. And then—"His Lordship gave leave as prayed to swear the death of . . ."

All the same, according to their records, Japanese thoroughness recovered and traced most of the half-million who perished in that catastrophe. What strange fate was it which numbered this foreigner among those for ever missing?



Where are they now? Two of the most famous recent cases of men who have vanished — Mr. Lee (above), a British Government official in Marseilles, who walked casually from his office, never to be seen again; and the Rev. H. Watkins, whose body may still be in some alpine crevasse.

Again, what might not a mystery writer like Conan Doyle have made of the case of the Rev. Hubert Clifford Watkins, a very hearty and healthy young curate of a Bristol parish. In July last year in Grindelwald on holiday. Eight days later he set out to climb the Grunhorn alone and without a guide. He was never heard of again.

Now it is not so very easy, in spite of how it may seem, to disappear on an Alpine mountain. And particularly from such a peak as the Grunhorn, which is a favourite climb whose every inch and every crevasse is known to the local guides. Besides, this was summer when there is no ice except at the very summit. The rest is rock slabs and green fields.

But the search-parties did their best and found nothing. And in the end, last June, a High Court judge pronounced the end of the Rev. Hubert Watkins.

The law, when it cannot deal with proven fact, must work by commonsense. In each of these three cases it presumed death when asked because it considered there was strong grounds, in preceding circumstances or events, for that presumption.

It was known of Mr. Lee, the Marseilles Consul, for instance, that he had played a great part in breaking up the drug and White Slave gangs which operated from that port.

Menace of gangs

After his disappearance the French police produced a mass of highly melodramatic statements to the effect that Mr. Lee had been bumped-off by these gangs. But it was all hearsay, and there was much trouble in consequence between the British Foreign Office and the Sureté.

On the other hand, three people swore to having seen Mr. Lee that day at the St. Charles railway station in Marseilles. Other people, including his mother and his maid, have deposed to the facts that he had once had a nervous breakdown, that he suffered much from the Marseilles heat, that he often complained of loneliness, that before he vanished he had appeared very worried.

He had never spoken to his staff of having received threats or warnings from the gangs about his work—as a man in those circumstances would be likely to do. if such things had arrived.

There are many people who knew him well who believe that his disappearance was plain loss of memory, that, as in many of those cases, he had assumed another identity.

But as far as England is concerned and the law of civil rights he is now dead. His long absence and the work he was doing are a sufficient presumption.

It is the same with Mr. d'Adhemer and the Rev. H. Watkins. The circumstances there which guide presumption were, in one case, an earthquake which occurred about the time, and, in the other, an Alpine mountain, with all its strange reputed hazards.

Stricter law

But, you cannot help asking—is such presumption good enough? Is all that is left of Reginald Lee in some sewer of Marseilles Vieux Port where rumour and the supposed dope gangs have dumped him?

Is Mr. d'Adhemer, the Indian railway traffic superintendent, somewhere beneath the skyscrapers of rebuilt Tokio? Or the Rev. H. Watkins lying at the bottom of a lonely Alpine crevasse missed even by the toothcomb search of the guides?

There are indications that the law's attitude is slowly hardening about these "presumption of death" cases. Of the dozen or so actions which have been set down since the beginning of this year, few will ever come into court.

Mr. Justice Eve, hearing a case some time ago of a man who was supposed to have disappeared in America, expressed the reluctance of the Bench and the great care they intend to exercise in future before

A LIFE at STAKE

WILLIAM POVEY, an honest carpenter and joiner, of Catford, who has a brave wife and two bonny children, looks like being an invalid for life.

He is a victim of tuberculosis, but he can be cured if only the money is forthcoming to enable him to undergo the necessary treatment.

But the money is not available, and although social workers have appealed right and left and everywhere, there seems to be little hope for the future for William Povey.

Damp floors and draughty workshops doubtless contributed to his present condition. When he was first stricken, his National Health Insurance staved off complete disaster. There was the usual delay in securing the necessary help elsewhere, but at last Povey went to a sanatorium for eleven months, and was on the road to recovery when he was discharged.

Doctors have stated with emphatic authority that Povey can be completely cured if only he can spend another few months in the hands of the specialists.

What a paradox is this, with a life at stake, and the funds at the disposal of the interested welfare workers exhausted. A committee here, and a society there, have granted small sums, but one after another they have in turn expressed their regrets.

And, added to despair on the one hand, there is the fruitless hunt for suitable housing accommodation on the other. Povey was advised to live in the suburbs, and a council house was found, but when it was discovered that his income is uncertain his application was refused.

Our sympathies are with the kindly social workers who have left no stone unturned in their efforts to secure the assistance that is urgently necessary.

It is high time that some part of the hoarded £90,000,000 funds to be used at the discretion of the Charity Commissioners were made available for the relief of cases like this we now disclose.

the LEGALLY DEAD

Sometimes they Return from 'the Grave'

hey will allow ny of these ctions to suc-eed.

He mentioned n occasion just efore *when a an had walked to the court hile an action presume his eath was being iscussed!* The dges have need be careful hen literature nd real life can ve them many xamples.

It has been a heme of count-ss poets and riters. One of he greatest tories in the orld, the Odyssey" of Homer, is the tale a man — the "far-wandering lysses"—whose friends and com-ades declared him dead, but who ame back after many years to his ife Penelope; to Penelope who had lways refused to consider herself a idow and passed her days knitting keep the suitors away.

If Ulysses' adventures had hap-ened to-day the suitors and the ungry relatives would have brought "presumption of death" action in he courts and the law with its tidy ind would have divided up his pro-erty and possessions.

Perhaps Penelope would have mar-ed again. Because when a High ourt judge says you are dead, you *ally* are—as far as this earth and ll its contracts and obligations are oncerned.

And most people know of Tenny-n's great poem of Enoch Arden, ho also came back from the dead —but, not so fortunate as Ulysses, he found his wife had married again.

There are Enoch Ardens and Ulysses by the score to-day, and if the details are sometimes different—if they are not all married, for instance —yet the circumstances are the same.

No Court would have hesitated to have presumed the death of Stoker Petty Officer John Evans, whose name appears on a war memorial and who was *seen* by a comrade to perish in an inferno of escaping steam and shell bursts during the Battle of Jutland. From that night twenty years ago nothing had been heard of him except the Admiralty telegram announcing his death.

Fault of war

Then two months ago his mother heard a knock at her door. She opened it and it was a man asking for lodgings. Although he stared at her without any recognition, in that instant she knew him at once for her son John.

Although in a state of great shock, she got him to come inside the house and relatives were fetched, including his sister, who also recognised him at once. But Evans remembers nothing.

The Great War is responsible for many of these known cases of men who have come back from the dead and there must be scores more which are unknown.

Eighteen years ago Mrs. Gee, of Steele Road, Tottenham, who is an assistant matron at Drury Lane Theatre Royal, received one of those telegrams about her brother, Private Henry Fabris. "The War Office regrets . . missing, believed killed." His overcoat had been found in No Man's Land with letters and photographs. A great battle had been raging.

A few months ago another telegram came to her house. It was addressed to her mother, who has been dead for many years.

She opened it and saw that it was a message asking the mother to come at once to the L.C.C. Mental Hospital at Banstead, where her son was very ill.

In a flash

Unbelieving, she went to the hospital and was shown a bearded man, whom she at once recognised as her brother Henry. He knew her, too, and asked after his mother and wife. When his sister told him that they were both dead he broke down and wept.

It appeared that he had been in that hospital *ever since the war* and *under his own name*, but he had not been able to remember anything about his relatives or past. But a night or two previously he had been taken very ill and in a semi-conscious state his memory had suddenly returned. He had told the authorities at once and they wired for the sister.

Again, a few days ago, there was a case where a woman was suing for a maintenance order against her second husband. The defending solicitor got up in court and told that woman that her first husband, whose name appeared on the war memorial in the town, was still alive, and an adjournment was asked for to bring evidence.

Another Enoch Arden, but not found this time of his own free will. And what a shock for the woman who had believed herself a widow!

There are women, too, who have played this part.

One night the wife of Albert Isaacs, a furniture dealer and an ex-soldier of Shoreditch, went out of their flat mysteriously and never returned. She left behind six young children to whom she was devoted. For months Isaacs sought her, but could not discover the slightest clue.

A few weeks ago he fell suddenly ill from war wounds and died. The newspapers carried a story about his tragic life and about the children who would now have to go into an L.C.C. home.

The next day the mother appeared at the flat. She gave no explanation of her long absence. She merely said, "These children are mine. I am their mother. I will look after them, not a home."

Town scoured

And there is the strange case of Mrs. Isabella Connolly, of Liverpool, who vanished early in the year. Later the body of a woman was recovered from the river and clearly identified as her. It was buried under her name in Ford Cemetery.

Yet a few days ago this "dead" woman was recognised by some friends walking down a street in Liverpool. They informed the police and a search was made for the supposed Mrs. Connolly, in which half the town joined. She was eventually found again, brought to the police station and definitely recognised.

Her story was ordinary enough. She had been travelling all over the country in various jobs and was astonished to know that she was supposed to be dead and buried. She had come back to Liverpool for the express purpose of visiting her children, who were in a convent school near there.

She had seen them the day after she had been "recognised" in the street.

"Presumption"

These cases of people who have come back from the dead are merely a few taken from the many which have found their way into print even in the course of a few months.

How, then, can there be any definite presumption of death based on certain circumstances which were taking place when a person was last seen?

It certainly makes one think that the real "presumption" on the part of the law lies in so presuming.

TRICKY MR. THORNE

AN advertisement, always worded similarly, appears from time to time in provincial papers to the effect that men and women of good presence and experience, honest and trustworthy, are needed to manage businesses.

Though different names and a fresh address in each case conclude the advertisements, enquiries now being made by Scotland Yard and the provincial police have already revealed that the same man is behind their insertion, and he goes from town to town in search of dupes.

Among the names which have been used are "Thorne," "McIntyre," "Robertson," "Rogers," and "Francis," while towns both large and small have been made the scenes of his operations.

* * *

A typical case is that of a man living in a Northern town, who saw one of the announcements and obtained an interview with the advertiser. The latter turned out to be a short, dapper man of middle age, and he posed as the "area representative" of what he termed a large and growing company.

He needed a capable manager for a new branch which was shortly being opened locally, and could offer the suitable applicant a good salary and excellent commission on his takings.

The company was unique in its formation, however, and made all its employees shareholders. The suitable applicant would have to put up an investment, but would thus participate in the profits.

The "area representative" was sitting in a nicely furnished office, and it all sounded so splendid that the applicant fell in with the proposition and parted with £175. Then, to his dismay, he discovered very soon afterwards that the office was vacated by the fly-by-night rogue, who had only rented it temporarily.

Scotland Yard detectives are dealing with numerous complaints which already run into four figures, and though the exact identity of the touring "company representative" has not yet been decided upon, there is little doubt that he is one and the same as a notorious and heartless swindler who has already been many times to prison for frauds staged on the same impudent scale.

As he may crop up again in any part of the country and endeavour to repeat his "area manager" frauds, we warn job-seekers to be well on their guard.

IT appears that "hams" is American for amateur radio transmitters. An article I recently read in an American journal gives a thrilling account of the work done by a band of volunteer amateurs in keeping communications open during a Florida hurricane. Of course, the "hams" use the short wavebands and on the Bush S.S.W.33 one can often listen to them at work. How exciting it would be to hear them in an emergency!

These Bush sets will receive on short waves as efficiently as is possible at the moment, but the nature of the transmissions makes them variable in quality. So the Bush people very wisely added the feature to a tried and reliable medium and long wave receiver. Nothing has been sacrificed in performance, or *price*—the short waveband is just an interesting and sometimes thrilling extra. Ask your local Bush distributor to let you hear the S.S.W.33.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Your Food Warning Mustn't Pass Unheeded

DEAR SIR LEONARD HILL,—In your denunciation of contaminated food you put your finger on one of the queerest points of human nature.

"It is strange," you declare, "to note the fuss a man makes when given a unclean plate or knife handled by a waiter in a restaurant, and yet he takes no heed of the flies and wasps which crawl over food on a hot day."

That's true. But it's only half the truth.

The unthinking folly you condemn is typical not only of the private citizen, but of the authorities who are supposed to protect us against the perils of impure foodstuffs.

They are at pains to see that bad food shall not be exposed for sale. They do nothing to ensure that good food exposed for sale shall not be contaminated in a score of different ways.

Take a walk through any town. You will pass perhaps half a dozen butchers' shops. In how many is the meat screened from the street by a glass window or gauze wrappings?

You will be lucky if you find a single fishmonger's which is not open to the street. Go through a chain store and you'll probably see someone with a bad cold breathing heavily on the uncovered confectionery and cooked foods. Indeed, practically every food shop is open to the same objection.

* * *

Now, as I have said, this state of affairs is not the fault of one section of the community, but of all.

Too many housewives handle the food displayed on shop counters. Too many shopkeepers, who would never dream of offering for sale food which they suspected of impurity, do not think of protecting their goods from infection.

And the public authorities fail to insist on reasonable safeguards; in some respects actually add to the evil.

For example, your remarks were addressed to the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference. You might have reminded them that it is the local authorities they represent who retain the old-fashioned dust-cart, which scatters disease-carrying germs on everything they pass.

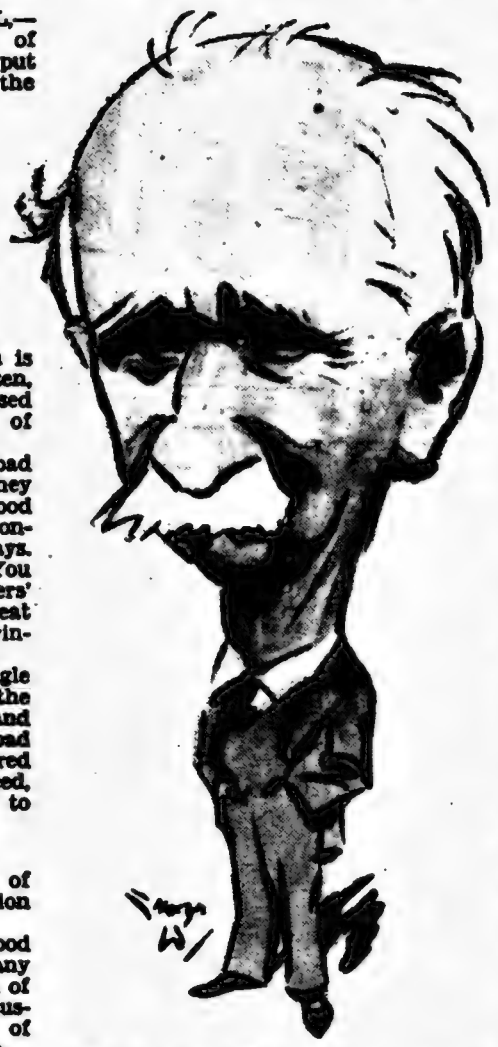
On the other hand, when Dundee sought powers to insist that food should be protected by coverings not only in shops, but during delivery, bigwigs in Parliament objected on the score that there was "no precedent" for such legislation!

* * *

Yes, we are all to blame. It is good that so distinguished a scientist as yourself should remind the nation of the dangerous risks we incur by this disgusting stupidity—one which I have often attacked in these columns.

Though it would be unwise to look for a speedy remedy, I can but hope that your warning will not be entirely unheeded!

JOHN BULL.



He knows the peril we run from exposed food

Disgraceful Court Injustices—Safety First for the "Queen Mary"—Drug Experiments We Don't Want

Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI,
Rome

SIR,—Being accustomed to the inconsistencies of dictators, your latest utterance does not surprise me:

"We do not believe in the absurd idea of perpetual peace, but we desire to live in peace and to co-operate for peace among the peoples."

But one question: Is your potential army of 8,000,000 men designed to work for peace or to carve out another slice of Africa for your new empire?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ELLIS STUNGO,
Queen Anne Street, London, W.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I hope the day never comes when you will be allowed to inject suspected persons here with drugs to make them talk.

Apart from the inhumanity of your proposal, I fail to see how anyone could be certain that the suspect, even when drugged, was speaking the truth.

Since the Home Office refuses to allow you to experiment on criminals here, you offer your aid to the French police. If they also turn you down you might try America.

JOHN BULL.

Bailie HOOD,
Glasgow Central Police Court

DEAR SIR,—Contrary to all the traditions of British justice is the practice, common in too many Scottish police courts, of furnishing the magistrates with the previous convictions of an accused man *before the case is heard.*

I am not surprised to find you protesting, but I am considerably surprised to find it defended by prosecuting counsel.

There is not a single justification, in my view, for this prejudicial procedure.

JOHN BULL.

Sir PERCY BATES,
Chairman, Cunard White Star

DEAR SIR PERCY,—Though we are all pleased that the *Queen Mary* has regained the Blue Riband, you are right to warn us that she must not be expected to indulge in a series of racing competitions.

It's a golden rule of the sea that "captains should not endanger the lives of passengers or property for the sake of speed."

In my view, the aim should be the highest speed that can be attained with absolute safety and comfort. And we are content with the proof that your greatest liner is both speedy and safe.

JOHN BULL.

DIXIE DEAN,
Everton Football Club

DEAR DIXIE,—Congratulations on scoring your 353rd League goal, thus breaking Steve Bloomer's record and becoming the greatest scorer ever.

Bloomer got 352 goals in twenty-two years; you have eclipsed him in thirteen. You have also defeated the crazy notion, now held by many club directors, that any footballer is too old at thirty!

JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WINDHAM,
Berkeley Square, London

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Naturally I can understand your annoyance. It is decidedly odd that you, who have been driving for thirty-nine years, should be fined for a motoring offence and ordered to undergo a driving test like the merest learner.

"I'll probably be able to teach my examiner something," you console yourself.

I hope you will. But since your offence was driving zigzag down a busy London road, so that a 'bus had to swerve to the offside, it's just possible that the examiner may be able to teach you a good deal.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. GEORGE WHITE,
Bispham, Blackpool

REV. SIR,—In your church there will soon be the innovation of tip-up, plush-seated chairs, for you think that worshippers should have as much comfort in church as they have at the kinema.

Other parsons, you know, even bring the kinema to church in the form of "appropriate films."

A good move, in a way. But I doubt if this is the reform most needed by the Church.

JOHN BULL.

Mr .S. CARTWRIGHT,
Mayor of Harrogate

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—You really should be more careful.

After remarking that overfeeding, like underfeeding, is an evil, you add: "Not so many people come to Harrogate now. No doubt they are getting more sensible and do not overfeed so much as forty or fifty years ago."

Rather a backhander for visitors who still drink the spa waters, don't you think?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. BRIDGES,
Oxford Agricultural Institute

DEAR SIR,—I'm sorry to see criticism of the methods of Farmer George Baylis, Grand Old Man of Berkshire, who farmed 12,000 acres and has left a quarter of a million pounds.

It is said that his system of working his great estates with travelling gangs of men allowed many farmhouses to become derelict, but I fancy that it is the estate agents who object to this rather than the farmers.

And I'm much more inclined to your view that many farms are much too small to be efficient.

JOHN BULL.

ENGLISH TEST TEAM: When you sail for Australia on Saturday you'll carry best wishes of us all.—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

MEN WHO "NO"

THEY'RE found in ev'ry office in the land.
In deferential attitudes they stand,
If the boss should ask a question
Or put forth some fool suggestion,
They are waiting to say, "Yes, sir," on demand!

Each affirmation sounds like a caress;
The boss says black is white—they murmur "Yes"!
If he spoke of his intention
To devise a fifth dimension,
They would promptly and politely acquiesce!

Sometimes they just stand nodding in a row,
Sometimes, instead of "Yes," they say, "Just so";
And it's only on returning
Home, they satisfy their yearning
For a change, by stamping round and shouting "No"!

Every Big White Chief of the business world has his yes-man, just as every dog has its fleas. But the two species of insect life serve different purposes.

David Harum has explained that the advantage of a dog having fleas is that they keep it occupied and help it to forget that it is a dog. But yes-men, instead of helping the boss to forget that he is a boss, spend their time reminding him of the deplorable fact.

For no bosses is this disservice more enthusiastically performed than for the *fuhrers* of the film world, the average

movie magnate having a retinue of stipendiary sycophants, ranging from fully qualified yes-men to humble nodders—these last, whose job is to nod to all he says, being mere apprentices, whose status is only a grade or two higher than that of a writer of dialogue.

Things being thus in Hollywood and its English suburbs, it is disconcerting to learn that one film Napoleon, Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, has thought fit to add a no-man to his staff.

Presumably Mr. de Mille has decided that it does not pay to have his entire staff murmuring "Yes" whenever he proposes filming the love story of Romeo and Cleopatra, or tells the world that the tragic history of good Queen Bess, from the moment of her unfortunate marriage to Richard Fleur de Luce until she met her fate on the scaffold, would prove an authentic wow.

Anyway, the appointment has been made, and when next Mr. de Mille has a great, heart-stirring brainwave for an historical masterpiece, the bloke who has been given the new job will have to try to yell "No" loud enough to drown the noise made by cohorts of yes-men.

If this innovation works well, the City may become a "No"-man's Land where jobs will be readily available for skilled knockers, contradicters and debunkers. But yes-men will have to undergo intensive training if they are to qualify for these occupations.

It's not easy for coots, when their kind
master's boots
They for years have continued to lick,
To change in a day and to learn just how they
Should his pants metaphoric'ly kick.
The toughest might quail or the stoutest heart fail
When the time came for changing a purr
Of "Yes" into "No"; he, at first might not go
Much beyond a restrained "Scarcely, sir."

But with practice he might interpose a polite:
"I don't view the matter like that";
Then later, with eyes on the hope of a rise.
Could tell the boss: "No—and that's flat!"
And how he'll delight in his job when the right
No-man's style he at last shall attain,
And with gusto can rap out a "No, you poor sap—
And don't let me tell you again!"

Y. Z.

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The King this Week . . . by John Drinkwater

Another Foolish MARRIAGE RUMOUR

I SEE that the rumour-mongers, foreign, of course, have been at it again with plans for the King's marriage.

This time the prospective mantle of consort is bestowed on one of the Greek Princesses, and confident deductions have been made from the King's visit to Athens. One fantastic report states that the Duchess of Kent was "credited in London" with a not inactive interest in favour of one of her kinswomen. Her Royal Highness was certainly not "credited in London," or in any other responsible quarter, with anything of the sort.

An Athens newspaper went beyond even this nonsense. Making its own interpretation of the fact that the Princesses Irene and Catherine were visiting Corfu, where their brother King George was to act as host to the royal guest from England, it stated out of hand that King Edward's engagement to one or other of these ladies would "soon be announced."

I am astonished at the impudence of the people who invent these absurd stories, and at the credulity of others who accept them.

I have said before in these notes that all speculation as to the King's matrimonial plans is impertinent and idle.

If the King decides to marry, an official announcement will be made, and without delay. Until that moment comes, if it should come, it should be understood once and for all that anyone outside the King's immediate family circle who professes to have inside or privileged information on the matter is not worth listening to.

There is, in fact, reasonable circumstantial evidence, within general knowledge, that the King at present is contemplating no such step. His new suite at Buckingham Palace, in the preparation of which he has taken elaborate care, is designed for the accommodation of his existing bachelor establishment.

That in itself should be a sufficient indication of his intentions for the time being.

☆ ★ ☆

A REPORT, authorised or not, has in these past days credited President Roosevelt with a design to bring our own King, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, and other heads of European polity into conference.

The notion may shock the conventional routine of diplomacy, but nevertheless it has in it a streak of imagination that is greatly needed in the confusion that besets us.

These modern makers of destiny, by good fate or ill, have in their hands the shaping of our children's lives. King Edward, by his education, his own character, his cosmopolitan experience, and his unique authority, is of all men the fittest to bring these highly contrasted personalities into some general understanding.

As it happens, the King's instinct for this kind of diplomacy has not been neglected on his holiday. All along the Dalmatian coast he has left a legend of British Kingship that will last for generations. In Greece he has renewed his friendship with a fellow-monarch whose cause has always had his sympathy. And in Turkey he has been the guest of Kemal Ataturk, who, once an intrepid enemy of the British Empire, is, like himself, a constructive man of our modern age.

The repercussions of these informal meetings on European politics may well reach beyond the official designs of Whitehall, and what Mr. Oppenheim delights to call the chancelleries of Europe.

In other words, the King, even on holiday, is living up to his reputation of being our best ambassador.

The peculiar nature of the King's inherited office and the security of his tenure place him as no one else entirely beyond the operations of intrigue, and the dictators of the world in personal contact with him could, and I believe would, speak with a confidence that he alone could inspire.

There is no doubt that in every such meeting the King is exercising a moderating influence on extremism, and in going out of his way to arrange them he shows again how close he is to the practical realities of his Throne.

☆ ★ ☆

IT seems that, after all, the King will not move into his new suite at Buckingham Palace until his return to London from Scotland.

Marlborough House is not yet quite ready for Queen Mary, and to avoid any possibility of inconveniencing her the King will use his old room at York House during the few days that he is in town after his cruise before he goes to Balmoral.

During his absence the King's brothers have been shooting on his Scottish moors. The Dukes of York and Gloucester have had good bags on Birkhall, Abergeldie and Altnaguisbach, but Glencallater has been reserved for the King's arrival.

Stags are plentiful there this year, and I am told that the keepers, knowing that the King intends to do some stalking with his movie camera, have marked one unusually fine specimen for this purpose. A very engaging picture is presented to the mind's eye.

☆ ★ ☆

WITH the appointments of Lord Colebrooke as Master of the Robes and Lord Gerald Wellesley as Keeper of the King's Works of Art, His Majesty has completed his personal entourage, and I understand that he has now also relieved a certain measure of anxiety that has been felt by his domestic staff.

It is the rule for all members of the household to relinquish their appointments on the succession of a new Sovereign, and although in the past it has been the practice to re-engage them, it was not certain King Edward would follow precedent in the matter.

He has now announced his decision to do so, and at the same time he has altered the age for voluntary retirement on pensions from sixty-five to sixty.

☆ ★ ☆

I HEAR that the tennis court built by King George at Buckingham Palace in the early days of his reign is being turned into a squash racket court.

Squash is the King's favourite game, and he has more than once gone far in the Bath Club tournaments. His new court will provide him with greater facilities for practice than he has enjoyed since his accession.

The King being escorted ashore on his visit to Athens, during his holiday cruise

An amusing story is told of the old tennis court and the ex-Kaiser when he was King George's guest.

A door giving a view of the court from the palace is fitted with a panel of glass so clear that, as the Kaiser discovered, it is possible not to see it at all. Violent contact with his nose was his first intimation of its existence. I say "amusing." At the time, All-Highest let it be known explicitly that he did not find it amusing at all.

☆ ★ ☆

GREAT satisfaction has been caused at the Jockey Club by the King's message that he wishes to retain the rooms that were always reserved on its premises at Newmarket for King George, who made a practice of spending several days there each year with as little formality as possible.

Early riders frequently saw him riding on the heath before breakfast, and he liked to enjoy the amenities of the club without ceremony. King Edward's request is taken to mean that he contemplates visits of the same kind.

☆ ★ ☆

IT was only to be expected that the King should pause on his journey to Istanbul for the purpose of visiting the graves of the British war dead in Gallipoli.

But the arrival of an official Turkish delegation, which joined him on the pilgrimage and, like him, placed memorial wreaths in the cemeteries, gave an added poignancy to the occasion. For Englishman and Turk alike there could be nothing but pity as together they reflected on the bitter story of the Dardanelles.

The balanced blend

As sweet as the Honey
As cool as the Dew
As fragrant as only
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Say good-bye forever to ugly nose and face shine. This powder is waterproof. You can go out in the rain, bathe in the sea, perspire and the powder is still there and your complexion is still fresh and beautiful. Put this powder on your finger; then put your finger in water; take it out and the powder is dry and so is your finger. They call me Grand Ma Tokalon. Try a box of the POUDRE TOKALON—the magical 4 in one powder—and if it does not produce highly successful results write me and I will refund your money. 6d. and 1/- everywhere. The shilling box saves you money.

Note: Crème Tokalon is the only cream which should be used with Poudre Tokalon.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

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Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The "Small Ads. Worth Watching"
on page 16.

Birth Control *is Leading to* DISASTER

A rare sight nowadays . . . "the average woman is now producing only three-quarters of a daughter"

—by—

A. G. Gardiner

IF war does not wipe out the white civilisation of Europe it seems tolerably certain that birth control will.

That is the conclusion suggested by Professor Carr-Saunders' book "World Population," which has set all the Press discussing the doom of the white race.

Professor Carr-Saunders is no scaremonger. He is probably the greatest living authority on the population question, and his forebodings follow upon the equally gloomy forecast which Dr. Enid Charles, of London University, recently published.

If the Rev. W. Malthus could revisit the earth he would be astonished at the anxieties of these eminent statisticians about the future of our babies. He scared his own generation on the subject, but he scared it from an entirely different point of view.

Then it was feared that there were going to be too many babies born into the world for the world to feed. We have lived to see how baseless was that fear of the food supply running short.

NOW it is not a famine of food but a famine of babies with which we are threatened.

It is not the empty barn but the empty cradle that portends our extinction.

In a word, we are ceasing to reproduce ourselves. Not the British people only, but all the white peoples.

To take our own case: Fifty years ago the birth-rate was 34 per 1,000 of the population. It has fallen to 15 per 1,000 and is still falling. Only the fact that in the interval the death-rate has also fallen from 20 to 11.4 conceals the real decline. Depopulation has in effect already set in, and the result will now become apparent with gathering momentum.

The facts are simple and irrefutable. Professor Carr-Saunders shows that the average woman in England and Wales is now producing only three-quarters of a daughter—in other words, 100 women of this generation give birth to only 75 women for the next.

This process continued for six generations will reduce the population of England and Wales from 40,000,000 to 7,000,000. That is, if the rate of decrease is stable.

But Professor Carr-Saunders anticipates that it will be accelerated, and in this he is supported by Dr. Charles, who leans to the view that a century hence the population may have fallen to the 5,000,000 level.

The reason for this pessimistic view is that a new factor has entered into the population problem. In former times population rose or fell according to the movement of trade. If times were good more people got married and more babies were born. If times were bad, the converse was the case.

The new factor is the widespread practice of birth control which has swept this country in common with all other countries of the white civilisation.

For the first time in human history means of limiting the size of families without suffering, or sensual restraint, or criminal offence are universally available, and in Professor Carr-Saunders' words, "the parental instinct is now satisfied *when the average size of the family is not sufficient for the purpose of replacement.*"

This tendency to race suicide is intensified by the circumstances of modern life.

THE moral code that forbade interference with the processes of nature is no longer respected. It is replaced by the doctrine that no one is entitled to bring more children into the world than he can comfortably maintain, and a large family has become, not merely a curiosity, but a subject almost of opprobrium.

The demand for a higher standard of life is universal and insatiable. More amusement, better housing, better food and clothing, more travel, longer holidays are insisted on, and the perambulator has been displaced by the motor car.

The social structure is being revolutionised on the basis of "no room for children."

It is, as Professor Carr-Saunders says, the unmarried and the childless for whom the inventors and builders cater. "Housing exhibitions show us model flats upon which every care has been lavished and in which no child could ever find a home."

It is not merely the ultimate extinction of the race that is threatened. Before extinction comes senile decay. As babies cease to be born we shall become more and more a nation of old people.

Thus, at the beginning of this century there were seven children of under fifteen years of age to one person of over sixty-five; at the end of this century there will at the present rate be as many people over sixty-five as there are children under fifteen. The spirit of youth will be gone and the spirit of old age will hang like a palsy upon us.

This process of suicide is not, as I have said, confined to Britain. It is operating throughout the white civilisation. Our net reproductive rate is 0.75. In France the rate is 0.82, in Germany 0.70. In a word, we are all dying off together.

The white man is surrendering the earth to the coloured races. Thus Australia, with its population of two persons to the square mile, obviously needs more babies. Japan, with its 321 persons to the square mile, as plainly needs fewer.

YET while Australia's population remains stagnant Japan adds the equivalent of that population to its crowded cities every five years!

What is to be the end of a fantastic disparity like this? Who can estimate the menace of those Japanese babies to the Pacific world, not a hundred years hence, but within the lifetime of this generation?

Professor Carr-Saunders sees the fate that threatens the white races much more clearly than he sees how that fate is to be averted. The tendency to suicide, so far from being checked, is gathering impetus.

Birth control has come to stay. "If anything is certain," he says, "it is that people will resist being driven back under the tyranny of the unlimited family. . . . Let it be said quite clearly that the escape from the unlimited family marks a very great step forward in human history."

The remedy, in so far as there is one, seems to be in the creation of an enlightened public opinion on this great question. The individual will not barter his happiness in the present for the sake of posterity, but with an awakened loyalty to the civilisation to which he owes so much and with a wise social policy to help him his co-operation should be possible.

THE conditions of life must be so changed that, without returning to the large families of the past, parents will be encouraged to bring into the world families large enough to perpetuate the stock. The whole policy of housing and family allowances must be liberalised so that the maintenance of a moderate family and the maintenance of a decent standard of life are not mutually exclusive ideas.

In a word, the community will have to assume more of the burden of the family if parents are to be prevailed on to fill the cradle with a sufficiency of babies to keep the race in being.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

LISTEN SOMETIMES

ONE of the great arts of life is to know when to stand firm and when to give way. To talk about "standing on one's dignity" has a fine ring to it, but it is a phrase that won't bear much analysis. Once you are driven to "stand on your dignity" you may be sure that you have very little dignity left. You are probably on the point of making yourself very foolish.

Real dignity is something that needs no emphasis. It carries its worth and its sincerity on its face. Don't be misled into imagining that pride is the same thing.

So many people refuse to give way because they simply can't imagine themselves ever being wrong. They imagine that if they give way their dignity would suffer, whereas they themselves are injuring their dignity with every minute they cling to the belief that theirs is the only opinion.

When your conscience calls, then stand firm by all means. If there is something you'd rather die than do, then don't do it though all the world laughs you to scorn.

True dignity listens with courtesy and defers gracefully to superior knowledge. It recognises the many-sided nature of truth, and knows that to acknowledge oneself wrong in face of evidence is a sign of wisdom and not an indication of weakness. An argument is not a battle. It is an exercise in reason, an exchange of opinion, an appeal to the intellect.

True, it's not always easy to say, "I was wrong"; but if that happens, if we find withdrawal hard, it's our own fault. It's because we've been too assertive and too dogmatic in the first place. We should always take care not to assume a position we can't defend.

True dignity is a precious thing. We should cherish it, and be careful not to cheapen it by overlaying it with a foolish obstinacy.

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The BRANDED Guardsman

A new picture of Arthur Bursell, with the moustache that led to his dismissal from the Coldstream Guards—and to poverty

Moustache Comedy with a Tragic Ending

AN erect and stalwart youth of twenty, 6 feet tall and over 14 stone in weight, entered the police station at Wakefield about 2 a.m. a few days ago.

When he reached the charge-room desk his upright bearing fell away from him. His shoulders sagged and he crumpled from the knees. The kindly station-sergeant saw at a glance that the visitor was almost in a state of physical collapse.

The officer did not waste time asking questions. He gave a restorative, and when the youth had revived plied him with hot cocoa. The speed with which a plate of sandwiches disappeared was ample evidence of his dire need for food. A bed was prepared for him in a cell and instantly he fell into deep slumber.

When the young man was able to give particulars of himself he said his name was Arthur Leslie Bursell.

"Soldier?" asked the police sergeant with a questioning glance at the upright figure.

"Ex-Guardsman, Coldstream Guards," replied the youth. He put a finger to his upper lip and added, "Kicked out for this moustache."

All the officers in the charge-room laughed. Bursell did not resent their amusement—he had heard laughter of the kind so often lately. He knew that when people smiled they were not doing so because of his moustache. It was because they identified him quickly as having been the central figure a few months ago in one of the most ludicrous court-martial trials a British soldier has ever had to face.

Stranded

Arthur Bursell is the Guardsman who was sentenced to imprisonment and to ignominious dismissal from the Army in the case which was known at the time as that of the Soldier who Refused to Obey an Order to Shave Off His Moustache.

In Wakefield police station Bursell told the story of what had happened to him since he was ejected from the Guards in the early summer. It is an extraordinary and pathetic narrative. When Mr. Duff-Cooper, the War Secretary, has the facts made known to him it is impossible to believe that he will not be anxious to remove a stain from the records of the Brigade of Guards.

What seemed to most people at the time to be no more than a red-tape comedy of Army life has become almost a tragedy. Before he arrived and was succoured at Wakefield Bursell had been tramping hundreds of miles in the northern counties in a vain search for work. Without a coin to get shelter, he had to sleep in the hedgerows. Frequently he had no food of any kind for days on end, except roots which he plucked from the fields.

Bursell has not failed to get work because there are no jobs. The reason is that he is branded as if he were a felon.

Never having been in any kind of work before, he is, of course, asked by every employer and foreman he approaches to produce his Army discharge book and certificate of service. One quick glance at the book is enough for any prospective employer. He hands it back with a curt shake of the head.

It is, in fact, a hopelessly damning document. Written across the principal page in bold letters of red is an announcement that Bursell was dismissed the Guards for "Misconduct." Gratuitously, the remark is added, "Must learn to control his temper." And in big red letters on the cover is a caution and a threat to Bursell that if he ever again tries to join the British Army he will be liable to imprisonment with hard labour for two years.

So long as he can exhibit only a testimonial of this nature Bursell is never likely to get the slightest chance in civil life.

The prospect is an appalling one when it is realised that the "Misconduct" for which he was turned out of the Army was governed by the comic incident that his moustache provoked.

The true and full story of that moustache—which Bursell still wears—has never been told. These are the facts:

Bursell joined the Coldstream Guards six years ago as a boy of fourteen, and for practically the whole of that time was under training in the regiment as a tailor.

Inspection incident

He had cultivated his moustache for five years, and three years ago felt encouraged to continue growing it when the late King George expressed a wish that all his Guards should wear moustaches.

Like most other Guardsmen, Bursell did not foster one of those stiff growths with pomaded and brushed-up ends which were once the hall-mark of the British Regular Army. He copied the Ronald Colman-Clark Gable style of a somewhat close-trimmed and narrow appendage.

One day this year, while mounting guard at Windsor, Bursell and his moustache came under the critical inspection of young Lord Gilford, an efficient subaltern who is the heir to the Clanwilliam earldom.

Second-Lieutenant Lord Gilford did not like the moustache. He ordered it to be removed forthwith. It was the first time the moustache had ever been criticised or commented on by any officer, but Lord Gilford was, of course, only doing his duty in ordering it to be shaved if he thought that it presented an "unsoldierly appearance."

Guardsman Bursell, however, was not to be so easily parted from his adornment. He asked, as was his right, to have the matter referred to the commanding officer of the battalion. But when he went to the C.O.'s orderly room it was only to find, to his chagrin, that the colonel was not prepared to discuss the merits of the moustache. Instead, he promptly ordered Bursell to undergo ten days' barracks detention for having refused to obey Lord Gilford's order to shave his upper lip.

Flabbergasted, the Guardsman refused to accept the sentence, and asked for trial by court-martial. While he was addressing the commanding officer, however, the sergeant-major in the background shouted out a command to him to "Fall in." Bursell was truly between the devil and the deep sea. If he obeyed the sergeant-major he might be guilty of discourtesy to the colonel. So he continued to stand to attention, awaiting the C.O.'s reply to his request for a court-martial.

Bursell was taken to the cells and he lay there for fourteen days pending his trial. But when the court-martial was held Bursell was confounded. *He was put on trial not for refusing to shave off his moustache but for refusing to "fall in" when the sergeant-major had ordered him to do so while he was speaking to the colonel.*

The Army authorities thought it best not to put the issue of the moustache before the arbitration of a public court-martial. They would have been providing easy material for the next pantomime season.

Bursell was sentenced to twenty-eight days' detention and then to dismissal from the Army.

With only five shillings and the terrible red-lettered testimony in his pocket, Bursell was sent out into the world to begin a new career. Employers have turned him down by the score as soon as he produced the written malediction of the Guards. He has hunted everywhere for work, but always the result is the same. It could not be otherwise.

Injustice

His plight, it may be thought, cannot after all be so bad, because every soldier has to pay State insurance from the day of his enlistment and is entitled to unemployment benefit when he is discharged and cannot get work. True—except in the case of ex-Guardsman Bursell.

The Ministry of Labour has ruled that, despite his years of service and contributions, he cannot obtain any benefit because he was dismissed the Army for "Misconduct." They point as evidence to the scarlet document bestowed on him by those who did not like his moustache.

So, in Hull, where Bursell has been given temporary shelter by relatives, the former Guardsman has had to become a pauper. He is being granted poor law relief in exchange for sawing wood in a workhouse.

What began in farce has grown into black tragedy. Neither the dignity nor the discipline of the Brigade of Guards will be injured if the Secretary for War takes this grotesque case of injustice into his personal consideration.

Road Aid Bunkum

A GOOD many people are seemingly anxious to help the poor and needy nowadays, and the latest recruit in the ranks of would-be philanthropists is Mr. Hugh Arthur Moutray Read, of London Street, Reading, Berks.

He is the founder of a concern called the National Road Accident Association, the forerunner of which is a registered business known as Road Accident Aids, to which he invites donations of 5s. or more.

Mr. Read is a shopkeeper in a small way of business, and he has sent out a printed circular announcing that his purpose is to establish contact throughout the country in readiness for Coronation Week next year, but his main object is his appeal for funds.

But he has not so far aroused the enthusiasm of responsible authorities, though collectors are already active in the suburbs of London and elsewhere, in a drive to secure "Founder Subscribers."

* * *

A certain degree of confidence, combined with an unbounded faith in his own abilities, are doubtless Mr. Read's principal assets, for he is "wondering if he is the only person whose eyes are open."

"The position is far too serious and the assistance required so large that it will necessitate a vast organisation to cope with it," he writes in an engaging leaflet which he has widely distributed.

As he proposes to pay his collectors 50 per cent. of the moneys they gather from an obliging public, it is interesting to speculate how much will be left for his great cause when all other expenses have been met.

His interest in road victims is revealed in a second circular letter he has sent out to members of the peerage and others narrating a pitiful story.

He was run down by a motor-car while cycling along the Bath Road, and when in hospital he made a vow that he would agitate for "real charity," so that now all he wants is a leading name from every county—and £100.

But we have seen a good many enthusiastic enterprises come to grief, and Mr. Read will be well advised to leave the organisation of a national charity to those better fitted for the task.

More and more the dietitians are advocating

BREAD

FOR ENERGY

"Bread is an energy food, not a fattening food. A greater consumption of bread means increased energy and activity, more drive and vitality and a general improvement in physical fitness and health..."
"Bread substitutes are unnecessary and expensive..."
"There is no better food investment than bread..."

So says the Principal of the
LONDON COLLEGE OF DIETETICS
in his new book
"WHAT TO EAT AND WHY"

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD

C.F.H.214

She used to swim alone —until she learned this *BEAUTY SECRET* . .

WHAT A FINE SWIMMER JANET IS.. STREAMLINED FIGURE TOO.... PITY SHE CAN'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER COMPLEXION.
JOHN DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE ME—I EXPECT ITS MY AWFUL SKIN...
LISTEN JANET—I WAS READING HOW WORKING IN STUFFY OFFICES CAUSES "TIRED SKIN."
WELL WHAT DO YOU USE—YOUR COMPLEXION IS NICE ENOUGH—
I USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE—YOU SEE ITS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE
A FEW WEEKS LATER
HULLO, JANET, GOING SWIMMING? CAN I COME TOO?...
I'D LOVE YOU TO...
JANET CAN'T COMPLAIN THAT JOHN DOESN'T NOTICE HER NOW.
I'M GLAD I TOLD HER ABOUT KNIGHT'S CASTILE.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

Fourpence per tablet

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JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

SEASIDE Epidemic SCANDAL

FOR weeks past the local councils the three adjoining seaside towns of Bournemouth, Poole and Christchurch have remained silent concerning an epidemic which is stalking these towns.

Rumour has run on swift feet through the tree-lined streets of beautiful Bournemouth and its sister towns. Ambulances have dashed at speed to isolation hospitals which are almost filled to capacity.

Doctors have been working night and day attending patients who are in the grip of a dreadful disease. In hundreds of homes there is heartbreak and anxiety as parents anxiously watch at the bedsides of children who have been stricken down by one of the most dangerous and infectious of diseases.

No news

Small wonder that rumours have gained in strength and wildness as the days go by.

Yet the authorities have decided in their wisdom that no news of the fact that Bournemouth, Poole and Christchurch are suffering from an epidemic of typhoid fever should leak out.

"If we tell them we alarm them and frighten away holiday visitors," seems to have been the mental attitude of the authorities, ignoring the fact that alarm was already spreading among the residents and was in danger of turning to panic.

The first official intimation that all was not well was contained in a statement printed in the local evening paper on August 25, which read:

Milk Infection.
No Cause for Anxiety.

"We are officially informed that several cases of illness due to infected milk have been reported in the district.

"We are assured that the cases are being adequately dealt with and officially provided for, and that there is no cause whatever for anxiety and alarm.

"We are informed that the source of infection has been ascertained and that adequate measures have been adopted to prevent further infection."

Then followed the somewhat belated advice that the public should either boil their milk before consumption, or ensure it having been pasteurised.

There was no mention of the fact that typhoid cases were being notified with alarming persistence.

Hush-hush

The authorities were determined to carry on with the policy of "hush-hush," presumably because they were anxious that holiday visitors should not be frightened away from the towns of Bournemouth, Christchurch and Poole.

While the public was being assured that there was "no cause for anxiety," it was a fact that nearly 300 cases definitely diagnosed as typhoid had been notified.

How many cases there were that had not been notified is impossible to estimate because it takes at least ten days before the disease can be definitely diagnosed.

Apart from that, many parents having had no warning, and no information that typhoid was stalking the town, were nursing sick children without realising that the illness was so serious as to necessitate calling a doctor.

The early symptoms of typhoid are not likely to cause uneasiness. There are sickness and headache, which might be due to a number of simple causes.

So there can be little doubt that the reluctance of the respective councils to warn the public of the dangers of typhoid would have the effect of spreading this most infectious disease.

The mother of a fifteen-year-old girl who died voices the opinion of many parents. "When my little girl became ill," she tells us, "I had no idea that there was typhoid in the town.

"I nursed her myself, as I have done before. It was only days later that I became uneasy and called in a doctor. Too late, apparently, my daughter was taken away to the isolation hospital and died."

Within a few hundred yards of this woman's house two other families mourn the deaths of two other children who have died of typhoid.

Nobody except the authorities can tell how many have died of typhoid in the district, and they prefer not to make any announcement.

Until the first of this month the three local councils continued to reassure the public with vague statements that there was "no cause for alarm."

There was no mention that typhoid was claiming fresh victims as the days passed.

Facts denied

One public-spirited resident, whose boy was stricken, was so incensed at the official attitude of reticence that he offered to pay for a page advertisement warning the public of the danger.

That offer was refused.

So the veil of secrecy continued to be drawn while the public, denied facts, were at the mercy of the wildest rumours.

Then, on September 1, the authorities

MANY HAVE DREADED HIM

WHO IS HE?

See next week's "John Bull" for an important announcement

One of the child victims whose condition is critical

—Visitors Not Warned

belatedly decided to make a "full and frank" official statement!

It was then announced that the members of the council and the public were entitled to have information "regarding the outbreak of typhoid fever."

Here for the first time was official mention of the fact that typhoid fever was claiming victims in Bournemouth.

Then came the statement that the council had been compelled, owing to the spread of the disease, to take over temporarily Hadden Hill, a large, isolated house on the outskirts of the town, and arrangements had been made to erect temporary huts in the grounds adjacent to this property to house other patients.

Additional nurses and doctors from London and elsewhere were brought into the town to help deal with the patients, as the ordinary hospital staff was inadequate to these emergency conditions.

Yet only a few days before the public had been told that there was no cause for anxiety.

The fact then emerged that up to August 31 no fewer than 174 cases of typhoid had been notified in Bournemouth!

300 cases

In Poole, which adjoins Bournemouth, it was announced at the same time that 122 cases had been notified.

So we have the alarming total of almost 300 cases in the two districts. How many cases there are that have not been notified it is impossible to estimate.

Certainly many parents are afraid to notify the illness of their children because they dread their being taken away to the isolation hospitals.

In Poole the isolation hospital was inadequate for emergency needs and gangs of workmen are now busily employed erecting temporary huts for the housing of patients, who are daily increasing in numbers.

Meantime, in hotels and boarding-houses typhoid was claiming victims. In one hotel there were seventeen cases; in another twenty-eight. At one hotel the son of the proprietor was a victim, in addition to several guests.

Families on holiday suffered. Many of them returned to their homes. Unfortunately, in some cases, to carry the typhoid menace to their home towns.

Already at Sheffield there are seven cases of typhoid fever among holiday-makers, who have returned from Bournemouth.

There is a case at Aldershot and others at Kingston.

There can be little doubt that many holiday-makers, unaware of the risk, have gone to their homes ignorant of the fact that they may be acting as carriers of the disease.

The scandal has thus gone far beyond local bounds and has become one of national importance.

We suggest that the Ministry of Health should at once undertake a thorough and public enquiry concerning this distressing epidemic.

If it was due to milk infection, then the fullest investigation concerning the sources of supply should be undertaken.

The suggestion that sea-bathing may have had something to do with it has been denied by the local councillors and other authorities, who state that although there are no fewer than six sewage outfalls into the sea, sewage is treated in such a way that infection from this source is scouted as impossible.

This is not the opinion apparently of the Medical Superintendent of the Cornelia Hospital, Poole. When the first cases of typhoid were notified the whole of the nursing staff were forbidden to bathe in the sea under pain of instant dismissal.

Tell the public!

We have the greatest admiration for the splendid work done by the Health Department officials of Bournemouth, Christchurch, and Poole, and also for the unsparing efforts of local doctors and the nursing staffs of the hospitals to deal with this menacing outbreak.

But we are at loss to understand why the local councils decided upon what we are convinced is a mistaken policy of "hush-hush."

Most people will feel that the public had every right to be warned of the danger when the epidemic first broke out in the town.

To withhold this warning was to risk a serious and rapid spread of the disease.

Bournemouth and its sister towns depend largely upon holiday visitors, we know, and there was doubtless a fear of causing alarm and thus interfering with holiday trade.

But we insist that every consideration should have been swept aside in the interests of public health, which is of vastly greater importance than the interruption of a holiday season.

Officers of the Ministry of Health have been at work at Bournemouth, and we hope that the Minister of Health will decide that full investigation into all the circumstances is urgently advisable.

Further, the public should be informed of the results. It has a right to know—and continued secrecy is senseless in the circumstances if public fears are to be allayed.

OGPU TE

Master mind behind the dread Ogpu organisation—Grigori Yagoda, its ruthless chief. When he calls . . .

. . . Russians overseas answer, and the guard on the Russian frontier sees that there is no escape once they cross the border. It is goodbye to the outside world . . .

. . . And not infrequently they meet

FROM the walled Kremlin in Moscow with its Oriental minarets and its queer-shaped copper cupolas and domes, to the respectable Edwardian frontage of No. 13, Kensington Palace Gardens, London, is a matter of about 2,000 miles.

The one is the Whitehall of Soviet Russia, the other is its Embassy in Britain, the residence of its Ambassador "accredited to the Court of St. James."

Between the two there is a line which transcends frontiers and distance. They are linked together by ancient sanctions of international law and diplomatic usage.

But with Moscow and its Embassies there is a difference. There is *another* line of which few people know. It reaches out from a grim, grey building in Moscow, No. 26, Lubyanka Street, to all the capitals of the earth. That building shelters the headquarters of the Ogpu, the most formidable secret police machine which the wit of man has ever devised.

One tentacle reaches out from Lubyanka Street to the urbane amenities of Kensington; it branches to Moorgate in the City of London, where the Soviet trading offices are situated, where No. 9 'buses run and armies of black-coat workers go about their ordinary everyday round, and to other London streets, where Moscow and such fantasies as secret police and prison inquisitions seem more than 2,000 miles away.

One outcome

But recent events in London have shown that these fantasies are not so far away as they seem.

Four weeks ago General Vitovna Putna was Military Attaché to the Soviet Embassy in Kensington. He lived here with his devoted Russian wife and fourteen-year-old son. He was settling down in what is one of the "plum" diplomatic posts of all countries. He was popular and well known in British social and official circles.

To-day he lies in a cell of the Inner Prison of the Lubyanka in Moscow facing a trial from which there is seldom more than one outcome—death.

When the news of General Putna's arrest in Moscow broke upon the world, it was said that one of the sixteen Soviet "old guard" officials executed recently for a so-called terrorist plot against Stalin had denounced the General as a member of their group on the very morning that they stood awaiting the firing party.

But General Putna had been ordered to come to Moscow from London to "attend a military conference" *more than a week* before those executions took place. That invitation is typical of Ogpu methods.

More than a week went by after the General's departure without a word from him. The Embassy knew nothing. Then, after repeated anxious enquiries from his wife, Moscow wired asking her to come at once as her husband was "very ill." Again the touch of the Ogpu in that phrase.

Also—a queer request—they told her to pack and bring everything, the General's belongings as well as her own. She left London strangely burdened for a woman hurrying to a sick husband; she had seven trunks and large suit-cases.

At Berlin the train on its way to Warsaw and the frontier was met by "officials" of the Soviet Embassy there. They told her to have all the trunks unloaded on to the platform. She had to proceed on the 1,000-mile further journey with a small handbag, which was supplied to her and contained just the bare toilet necessities for herself and her son.

After this visit from the "officials" and their action during the few minutes' wait on Berlin platform, Madame Putna can have had few further illusions as to the real nature of her husband's "illness."

With the General in Lubyanka Prison is Sokolnikoff, ex-Ambassador to Britain. They have "got the goods" on him, too. Ozersky, head of the trading delegation and signatory to the £10,000,000 trade agreement, was suddenly recalled to Moscow. He is back again now, after an enormous Press outcry about his departure. But for how long? It is stated that he has to return to Moscow to "give evidence" in a forthcoming trial.

Perhaps that signature of his on the trade agreement with Britain was the most valuable stroke of the pen that he has ever made.

There is no need, as some newspapers have stated, for special agents of the Ogpu to come here to carry out any "purges." They are here already, have always been here, fully empowered and capable of carrying out any work required of them.

The organisation of the Ogpu in London, as in all other capitals, is based on the "parallel system" which is an integral part of the Bolshevist doctrine of government.

Behind the activities of every department of the State or trade, overseeing the work of every member, but unknown to him, there must be another "eye." It is internal espionage on a mass scale.

The Ogpu works in London through its "resident agent." Two people only know who that man is: they are the Ambassador himself and the head of the trade delegation. Almost invariably that resident agent is, officially, a minor servant of the Soviet organisation in this country—usually a clerk in the accountancy department of one of the trading offices.

Close watch

Under this "resident agent" are five assistants, equally unknown to the mass of Soviet employees in this country. They also are employed *officially* in minor posts.

Their work is split into five main divisions, of which three may be mentioned here. They are, first, routine espionage on Soviet employees in this country—their work and their private lives. In addition, each member of the staffs must come under "special observation" from time to time. A watch is kept on the kind of friends he makes, and on his utterances and opinions.

The second division "controls" political émigrés in this country. All fugitives from the Soviet régime are known to this division. Their anti-Soviet activities are noted, and particular watch is kept for contacts they may make with employees.

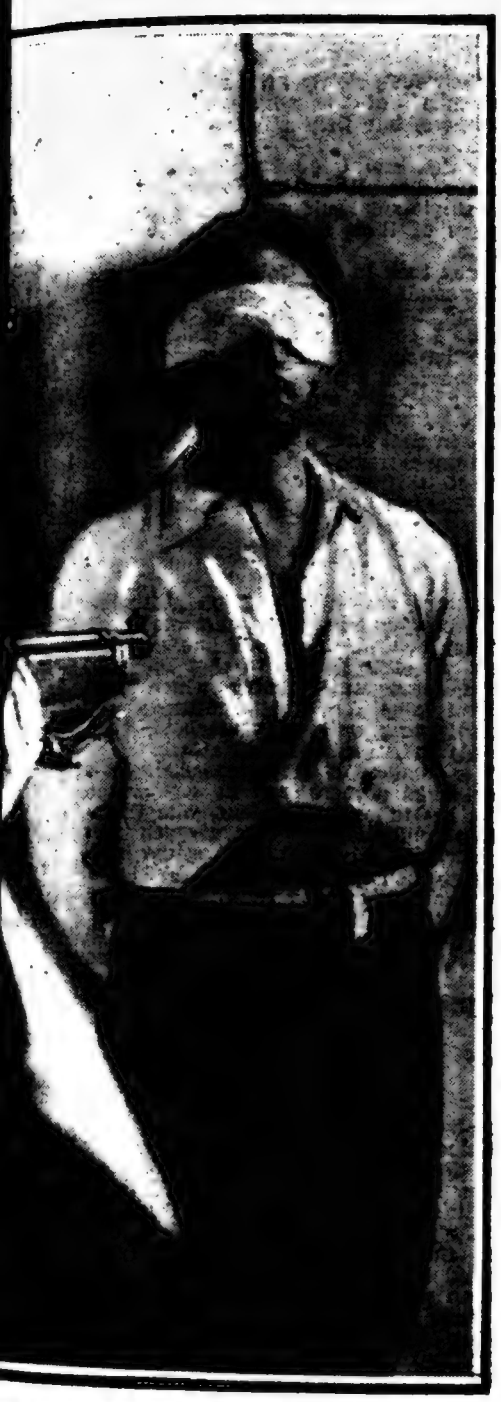
This division also handles any "disciplinary" measures which may be adopted against employees who show signs of backsliding or leaving the employ of the Soviet. There have been many such cases.

The third division looks after the financing of this underground work. It is also responsible for all "special payments" which may have to be made for anything outside the formal activities of the Soviet in this country.

In this connection may be mentioned the statements of M. Bessodovsky, Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in Paris in 1930, who escaped over the garden wall of the Legation from armed guards of the Ogpu waiting to take him back to Moscow, and who brought gendarmes back with him to rescue his wife and children.

Bessodovsky once declared that the

RROR in LONDON —the Truth



eir fate in the execution yard

five agents of the Ogpu in Berlin cost £10,000 a year in "special payments," and that total outgoings of the Ogpu world organisation came to nearly £5,000,000 a year.

You can see the Ogpu agents at work only by inference from facts and episodes which have come to light from time to time.

Six years ago there lived in Hull a Russian political émigré named Alexander Semushin. He had been in Hull for ten years and carried on a business as a photographer in partnership with an Englishman.

He was an Archangel man, and often used to visit Soviet vessels in the docks. Many of the crews of these vessels come from Archangel. Some of them Semushin knew from the days before the revolution.

He used to get news from them of his family, which was still in Archangel.

On August 15, 1930, he walked out from his lodgings in Hull to go to his business. From that moment he was never seen again. There was a police search and rivers and docks were dragged, but without avail.

A long report on Semushin and on the circumstances of his disappearance was prepared and submitted to the Home Secretary. It was drawn up by Mr. A. V. Biakaloff, one of the leaders of the Russian refugee colony in London. It completely discounted any theory of suicide by Semushin and stated many facts about the man to show that this can be ruled out of the question.

It then brought forward evidence for the view that Semushin was kidnapped on board one of these Soviet vessels in Hull docks while on one of his usual visits, and carried off to Russia to face imprisonment or execution for "suspected" anti-Bolshevist connections.

An investigation was demanded into this view of Semushin's disappearance, but, of course, the Home Secretary could do nothing.

The secret

And here is another case:

Two years ago Ozersky, the recently "recalled" trade delegate, had a very brilliant young assistant here in London who was well known in City trading circles.

Suddenly he disappeared. He did not leave by any of the usual routes by train or air, and his business colleagues were not told that he had been "recalled." But news came a few weeks ago that he had been shot, in Moscow, nearly eighteen months ago. How did he get to Russia? That remains an Ogpu secret.

Last year Professor Peter Kapitza, a young Russian who is among the first four greatest physicists in the world, was at work in Cambridge. He had come here ten years ago as a penniless student without even sufficient money to take a degree.

But Professor Lord Rutherford, the great British scientist, recognised his genius and took him under his wing. Last year a special laboratory was built at Cambridge for this young man to operate in. It was opened by Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It housed a giant generator which Kapitza had designed, a machine capable of exerting a more terrific magnetic force than any other in the world. It was for use in the final stages of Kapitza's research work on the structure of the atom. The British Government paid for that machine. Altogether, the laboratory and apparatus cost us nearly £30,000.

One day, when he was about to start on the final stage of research for which the machine had been designed, he received a caller at his Cambridge home. The caller came from the Soviet Embassy.

He brought an invitation to Kapitza to give a lecture.

He went, leaving his wife and children here. When the conference was over and he was preparing to come back to work at Cambridge, he was informed through the Ogpu that he must never leave Russia again.

All protests were useless. For some time Kapitza was ill and unable to do any work at all. The whole learned world outside of Russia rose in protest at this ruthless interruption of the work of a great brain.

The Royal Society, headed by Lord Rutherford, and Cambridge University pleaded with the Soviet Government to at least allow Kapitza to complete the work with the apparatus bought for him.

"Let him do it here," was the reply. When it was pointed out that the machine used was unique in the world, and that it would be almost impossible to build another in Russia, the Soviet made a typical rejoinder.

"If you are so concerned," they said in effect, "sell us the machine."

And for this young scientist's sake, and for all science, that was done.

Three of the most recent personalities in Britain to be recalled—Gen. Putna, Military attaché; M. Sokolnikoff, diplomat in London; and Professor Peter Kapitza, whose valuable work here was abruptly ended

Another insight into Ogpu methods is provided by the following instance. We have the name of the man concerned, but suppress it for obvious reasons.

Four years ago he was the head of a Soviet trading department in London. He decided to sever all relations with the Soviet State.

This man's wife, who is also a Russian and who had a secretarial post in one of the offices, was to stay on for a month. A week after her husband's departure she was leaving the office about six p.m. when her chief stopped her.

He told her that there was a "little party" that night on board one of the Soviet vessels in London river. It was for "only a few" of the selected Soviet employees in London *and their children*. But when she got back to her North London flat to prepare herself and the children for the party she found a woman friend awaiting her. They stayed talking for hours, until suddenly she noticed the clock. She had forgotten the party on the ship and now it was too late.

The next morning in the office she said to another woman secretary: "Well, how did the party go last night?"

The woman stared in amazement. "What party?" she said.

Never returned

That was enough. Instantly she guessed what that invitation had meant. A few quiet and quick enquiries confirmed her suspicions and fear. The Soviet vessel had sailed on the night tide at 10 p.m.—two hours after the "party" was supposed to begin.

The idea, of course, was to get her and the children back to Russia. Once held there the Ogpu screw could be put upon the husband who had left the cause.

The Ogpu has a very long arm, that reaches far beyond Lubyanka Street, far past those grim frontier stations beyond which for so many there is no return to the outer world—to the heart of every capital and country where there are citizens of Soviet Russia.

There is one method whereby the power of the Ogpu can be curbed—in this country anyway.

The weapon held over the heads of all Soviet employees in this country is what is called the "conditional agreement." They are "permitted" to remain here only while employed by a Soviet organisation.

Now see how the Soviet exploits that aliens law with its employees. Here is a statement issued by the Soviet Vice-Consul in London: "It is the right of the Consul of the Soviet Republic to order officials . . . to proceed home when his Government considers their presence here is no longer needed. . . .

Sinister threat

"Those who refuse to comply with the Consul's orders know perfectly well that in accordance with the decree of November 21, 1929, that they will be subject to the severe penalty prescribed therein. . . . The penalties prescribed are well known, and those concerned well know the penalties involved by disobedience."

We have put that last paragraph in italics because we cannot remember ever having seen an official statement which conveyed a sinister threat in a more cold-blooded and truculent manner.

But in what consists the Soviet's "right" to order home some wretched official? It rests on the British alien law, and he cannot carry out his order without the assistance of the authorities.

There is no obligation in law for the Home Secretary to "deport" Soviet employees at the Consul's request.

Every Russian employee of the Soviet in this country who may be "ordered" home should know that the Consul's powers over him are not worth the paper they are written on.

If he has any doubts about the meaning behind his "recall to Moscow," he can appeal to the Home Secretary for that sanctuary which Britain has always accorded to the fugitive and oppressed, of whatever nation. And, if he is a recent citizen, and not a criminal, he will get it.

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Continuing

AIR MERCENARY

MASSACRE OF THE PRISONERS

He turned to shoot Rocco, but his burns must have driven him crazy with agony, and he jumped into the river

Wewege-Smith, flying man and soldier of fortune, went into the Chaco War, knowing his job, but having little understanding of all that it implied.

From Paraguayan prisoners he learned something of the effect, physical and moral, of the bombs which he and his comrades of the "Pointed Wing Squadron" had dropped a few days previously upon an enemy concentration.

Painting that picture first, he goes on to describe with harrowing directness a crash in his own lines and the way in which that gay boy pilot, Rocca, met the doom which all his comrades had known must fall, sooner or later.

by

T. Wewege-Smith

THE mail from La Paz had come in and there was still no letter from the woman I loved. I scarcely expected one, and yet I was angry with her. It didn't seem possible that she was there in London, living in the flat I remembered, doing the sort of things we had done together, dining sometimes in that little restaurant in Soho—and not thinking of me!

I walked across the aerodrome sunk in an angry melancholy. What is it the French say?—to part is to die a little. So it is. People separate and they half forget one another. And what is forgotten is dead to the forgetter.

Colonel Jordan passed me and answered my salute in his usual casual manner. Suddenly he jerked up his head and really saw me for the first time.

"Que tal, Tomaçito? Come with me. I am going to talk to some prisoners taken from the sector where you did your big raid the other day."

I jumped at the chance. That sort of contact, with its chance of learning the *results* of one's work, is rarely granted to a bomber. You see your bombs explode; you imagine what may have happened; but you never can be quite certain.

Perhaps there have been direct hits, blowing a battery to pieces, wrecking tents and hutments, spreading death in the trenches or on the lines of communication. But you can't see this with your own eyes. What seemed a fine target shot may have done little damage and never caused a casualty. On the other hand, a bomb that you thought went wide into the jungle, hundreds of feet from your real objective, may have been "lucky" and burst right in the middle of a concealed troop of men.

I know it sounds ghastly, but it is plain fact that a flying man at war wants *results*. To kill and demoralise the enemy is part of his job. And those who have my work to do in the next war will inevitably feel as I did.

Colonel Jordan, characteristically, walked straight on and I had to run to overtake him. We entered a low, dark, adobe hut, hot as Hades beneath a corrugated iron roof. The solitary window was shuttered, and it took a few moments for my eyes to become accustomed to the darkness. Soon I made out three forms lying up against the far wall. The prisoners were not bound and there was only one Indian soldier mounting guard outside the hut.

> > >

That did not surprise me, for I had begun to know the Chaco. If they wanted to escape, they were welcome to try, for seventy miles of the "Green Hell" stretched between the aerodrome and their own lines. It would have swallowed them like a shark. There was not a chance in a thousand of any fugitive winning through the forest alive.

One after the other the "Pilas" rose to their feet, slowly and with a certain insolence of bearing. They were prisoners, but they still retained their spirit.

By this time I could see clearly, and I noticed that all three men were wearing the single sub-lieutenant's "pip" on the sleeves of their ragged field grey-green shirts.

They took in the Colonel at a glance—his small, slight, dapper figure; his two "pips" and understripe of Air Force blue. I could see they "placed" him immediately, but I puzzled them.

Their gaze kept returning to me as if trying to make out just who and what I was. I must have made a strange contrast in that land of Latins and Indians with my extreme fairness and the "Captain Kettle" beard which it had amused me—Heaven knows why—to cultivate.

> > >

Jordan snapped a question at them.

"Were you in the 'Macheteros'?"

They nodded, uneasily defiant. They were proud to belong to that regiment of Paraguayan infantry which had gained fame for its bloodthirsty and skilful work with the machete, that deadly Indian knife-axe of attack.

The smallest of the three subalterns—he seemed a mere boy in comparison with his taller companions, who themselves could not have been much over twenty—clicked his heels together and became their spokesman from then on.

"'Macheteros,' he repeated, "Si, mi Coronel! That is our regiment."

"Were you in the El Carmen sector the day we made our big air raid against your concentration?"

"Si, mi Coronel." The answer came after a moment's hesitation, but it was useless to deny what we obviously knew.

Colonel Jordan stood for a minute or two deep in thought. He was a good fellow at heart, and, later, when I came to know him in La Paz, I found him to be the most adoring father of a young son. Suddenly he jerked his head and barked a command to his orderly, an Indian perpetually at his heels. Then he took to pacing up and down, not taking the slightest notice of the prisoners.

Five minutes later the Indian returned with a bottle of Pisco, a native spirit, raw and strong.

Jordan looked at the "Pilas" with a half-smile. "Trago?" he said, which is Bolivian equivalent of: "Will you have a drink?" Their faces lit up. They were in a pretty bad way really, and, for all their pride, I could see the poor young

(continued on page 24)

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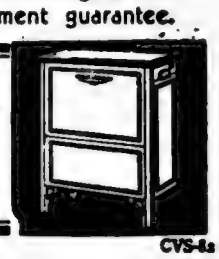

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THE NEW AND MORE EFFICIENT
OIL VARNISH STAIN

Made by makers of Mansion Polish VAR 25

(*Continued from page 22*)

devils were not at all sure what fate awaited them. A prisoner seldom was in that war. It was safe enough when there were officers about, but it was bad business to be left alone with the Indian troops on either side.

Once three of our men, Indians, were left to guard twenty Paraguayan prisoners, all bound hand and foot. Before leaving them for the night their officer said: "If a single one of these men escapes, you will pay for it with your lives."

The Indians put their heads together. "How is it possible for us to stay awake *all* night?" they asked one another. "But when we are asleep one of the prisoners may free himself and be lost in the Chaco. And for this foolishness we shall be shot!"

« « «

The officer returned to the hut in the morning and found his three guards fast asleep. But no prisoners had escaped. They lay very still with their throats cut.

I had this story from that officer's own lips. He was a cultured, sensitive man of pure Spanish descent, and he never forgot that horror or forgave himself for it. And yet, when one came to know them, one could see that the Bolivian Indians were not naturally cruel, but only stupid—poor dumb animals, obeying orders, but incapable of any reasoning line of thought.

After a gulp or two of Pisco our prisoners seemed much reassured, and their spokesman's tongue was loosened.

"Did he remember the air raid? Ah, carramba! Would he ever forget it?"

By this time I could follow Spanish without any difficulty, and I listened, fascinated, to his description. He said that our previous small raids and the haphazard dropping of light bombs had little effect upon the troops.

But we were using heavy stuff on that day when I went over with my "Pointed Wing Squadron" of Junkers to check the Paraguayan pincer movement at El Carmen. Heavy stuff, and six bombs an aeroplane, dropped one after the other remorselessly upon the same small area. I had sighted them in their downward flight; I had watched them burst; I had shouted like a schoolboy when I thought we had made a hit in the ants' nest of the enemy.

« « «

"It was ghastly, my Colonel," said the little Paraguayan sub-lieutenant. "To go forward was to run into the open facing the enemy. The Chaco hemmed us in on either side and we could not scramble back fast enough to escape.

"Each bomb, when it exploded, was like an earthquake. We flung ourselves to the ground, but many were hit by flying fragments. And there were some of my men who were driven mad—*mad*, my Colonel!—by the concussion and by fear.

"For a little while we could not hold them. Several of them jumped up and dashed from cover back into the forest to be lost, or forward into the clearing to be mown down by machine-gun fire."

He took another gulp of Pisco and spoke more freely still, this time with a passionate note of resentment in his voice.

"You know well, my Colonel, that the Macheteros do not lack courage. But how can a man fight bombs? Death, yes; that is a small thing, but death from the air—death that tears men to fragments and rocks the world—that is too much!"

It was a little too much for me to listen to with any comfort, and I was glad that the young Paraguayan prisoners did not realise that I had been one of our bombers in that particular raid. And yet, as he went on talking and explaining something of the consternation which he and his comrades had felt at being thus attacked *when they were so close to the Bolivian trenches*, I could not help feeling a curious detached satisfaction over a job of work well done.

"Each bomb when it exploded was like an earthquake"

DEATH DIVE IN FLAMES

For the plain truth is that without the bomb sights which I had found lying like so much junk in the store room at Villa Montes we could not have carried out this raid at all. They increased the accuracy of our aim so much that we were no longer afraid of dropping wide and killing our own men.

Colonel Jordan's face was expressionless all the time that the sub-lieutenant was speaking. The effect of our bombing upon the Paraguayan morale doubtless interested him, but what he chiefly wanted was information as to the material effect of the raid.

"How many of your men did you lose?" he asked suddenly.

The young officer blinked, and I could see that he felt he had been talking too freely. There was no spontaneity in his answer. His eyes grew sullen and he shrugged evasive shoulders.

"It was not so serious as one might think, my Colonel. . . . Perhaps twenty men, perhaps fifty, who can say?"

Jordan could get nothing more definite out of the boy, but he told me afterwards that he himself would not estimate more than fifty killed. When one considers that we dropped eighteen hundred-and-twenty pounders, such a loss cannot be regarded as high. The infantry would have thought very little of similar casualties in an attack under machine-gun fire. In such an attack, however, men fall in their tracks and their comrades carry on undismayed.

Bombing is quite a different matter. The terrific concussions; the inability to get under cover anywhere; the terrible way in which débris and mangled bodies are scattered for hundreds of feet; and, above all, the feeling of utter helplessness as the enemy machines circle overhead, has a shattering effect upon men's minds.

« « «

Of all this the Paraguayan was willing enough to talk. I liked the look of him and his two friends. Their uniform struck me as very sensible—grey-green shirts and riding breeches, boots, and a cap not unlike our new experimental "deerstalker"—cool and practical. And it occurred to me that, if one changed the uniform, any one of these three boys might have joined our mess and I could not have picked him out from the Bolivians. I did not speak from start to finish, for I was none too keen that they should know I was English.

After a while Jordan said to me brusquely: "Come along; there's work to do," and, jerking a nod at the prisoners, he immediately left the hut. I followed close, very depressed and feeling rather sorry I had come.

War is an ugly business, however it is fought, and lest it should be thought that I am more callous than most men, I may, perhaps, be allowed to point out that even a soldier of fortune is bound to identify himself, and that very speedily, with his comrades who serve under the same flag. One goes into a war impartially, but the impartiality vanishes under fire.

And, although we were winning the war in the air hands down at this period, the Paraguayans showed every sign of winning it handsomely on the ground. They were advancing all along the front, and, as far as the Air Force was concerned, Villa Montes was ultimately the only important aerodrome left in our hands.

It was back in Villa Montes again that I ran into young Rocca once more, still flying dam' badly, still miraculously unscathed. But I knew the luck could not hold, and, on March 12 of last year, I saw the poor boy killed.

He left us that morning to fly over the enemy lines with a man named Melgar as his observer. We had heard that the Pilas were about to launch a powerful fresh attack in that sector, and we wanted all possible information of troop movements.

« « «

Rocca was flying a Falcon this trip, and the motor began to function badly when they were well over the enemy's side. The oil temperature shot up to 95 degrees and she began to spit oil all over the place.

Melgar himself was never certain what happened, but he thinks that a ground shot had burst an oil lead somewhere. Rocca, looking anxiously at the oil gauge, shouted to him that they would have to turn round and streak for the 'drome. Melgar had not then made the observations he wanted to make, and, not understanding the seriousness of the situation, he protested angrily.

Young Rocca only shook his head as he banked and turned. They came back with the engine spitting and missing fire all the way. But it held out until the

(*continued on page 26*)

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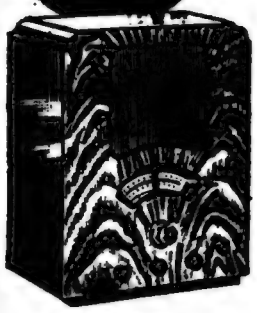

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Haven't we a lot to be thankful for that we live in this present age? Think what a job it was, for instance, to clean false teeth in the so-called good old days before that wonderful fluid, Milton, was invented. It wasn't just the disagreeable business of scrubbing a slippery denture—but the scrubbing never made it clean!

To-day how simple it is just to pop the denture into a tumbler of water with a few drops of Milton in it—and next morning there it is, shining clean, with every stain removed and not a particle of food left in the tiniest crevice.

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E. W. writes from Newton Abbot:

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You can't talk to E. W. about the "good old days" as far as cleaning false teeth is concerned!

but Disraeli . . . .

whose impassioned oratory swayed the minds of men, could not persuade his unruly locks into an ordered symmetry. This great man, steered the ship of state through international crisis, yet could not lead his own hair in the way it should go! The fault is ours. We did not introduce Field's Solid Brilliantine soon enough. If your hair is as refractory as Disraeli's this most brilliant brilliantine will deal with it. Field's gives you hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You *can* pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

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Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes, Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.

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(*Continued from page 24*)

Pilcomayo lay like a broad silver streak below them. Then it died away altogether, and I think Rocca was caught in two minds. There was nothing but forest outside the aerodrome, and his one chance was to swoop straight for it, down wind as it happened, and take his chances of a landing crash.

But Rocco held her nose up and tried to fly round into the wind. He was losing altitude fast, and she stalled off on one wing and crashed into the bank of the river and turned over. The petrol, pouring over the red-hot engine, burst into flames.

« « «

"I saw the crash coming," Melgar told me with a shudder, "and shoved my head up against the front of the back cockpit and covered my face with my hands. Then we crashed and I don't know what happened. I think I 'passed out' for a few seconds.

"Suddenly I was myself again, and I saw we were trapped. The casing over the cockpits was all crushed down flat when we turned out. The petrol reached Rocca at that very moment, sheeting him in flame, and he began to scream. . . ."

After that Melgar went half-mad. He must have realised that he *had* to get out. Those screams rang in his ears, and he tore at the casing with superhuman strength.

Somehow he did get out. His shirt and breeches were already burning. As he tumbled free of the 'plane, Rocca's harsh and dreadful screaming had changed to a croaking plea to be killed outright. Melgar was in the early twenties himself. He turned round, dragging at his revolver, to shoot Rocca, but his own burns must have driven him crazy with agony, and he jumped into the river and lost consciousness.

« « «

A lot of us were running up to the blazing 'plane by this time. A sergeant was leading, and he plunged into the Pilcomayo and pulled Melgar out before he sank for the last time. Rocca himself came staggering out of the burnt trap as I came near, but he was still held by one of the wings. Soldiers pulled him clear and plunged him, still ablaze, into the river.

Several officers, including myself, were on the bank as they pulled Rocca out of the water. I wished I had not seen him.

The whole of his left side, head, body, arm and leg, had been burned a horrid yellow. There was a pulpy wound where the left eye had been. He had stopped screaming, but an inhuman croaking came from his tortured lips. Then he lay quiet.

The Falcon was nothing but a mountain of black smoke shot with flame. Cartridges from her machine-guns were going off left and right.

I felt very sick, but I was able to help young Melgar up the bank. Poor kid! His nerves were shot to pieces and he was whimpering like a child. He didn't seem to realise that he, too, was badly burned.

Rocca had lost consciousness and died soon afterwards.

Though he was only a boy, he left a wife and a baby son, for they marry young in those parts.

We brought the body back to the aerodrome and laid it on a table in front of one of our machines. A flag was draped upon it and there were a few wild flowers. When it became dark we placed four hurricane lamps at each corner of this rude bier and we mounted guard, two of us at a time, all through the night. I could not sleep at all after I was relieved at four o'clock in the morning.

« « «

Melgar was flown to hospital and made a complete, but slow, recovery. He was one of the very lucky ones, for he was still convalescent when the armistice was signed.

I shall never forget young Rocca. All along I had felt that he was a doomed man, but he might have ended up in a clean crash instead of that horror of trapped flames.

It is the one risk that I myself refused to think about—that I dared not think about.

Experiences like that remain in one's memory more than any others. A friend passes out—a fellow pilot with whom one has lived cheek by jowl for months on end. You may be wearing his flying jacket, or, perhaps, he may have owed you a few *pesos* from last night's game of cards.

You just can't realise that he no longer exists. And yet I must have known at least twelve men more intimately than I ever knew Rocca who went west out of our small crowd. I still meet some of them in my dreams and wake unable to believe that they have gone for ever.

Action saves a man from too much brooding at such times. The Paraguayan offensive reached its height soon after Rocca's death.

With the next dawn I was flying some of our machine-gunners, equipped with the Swiss Erlinkon gun, to Caevo, a sector where the "Pilas" were attacking with relentless pressure. All three Junkers were transporting troops that day, and we flew back with Paraguayan prisoners taken in a trench raid.

Forty-five minutes out that flip; an hour at Caevo and fifty minutes back; but how long it seemed with that picture of Rocca, burned and tortured and hideously disfigured, constantly before my eyes! We handed over our prisoners, and our next task was to fly Rocca's body over to Santa Cruz for burial.

Next day we were bombing again, morning and afternoon flights, with crisis in the very air. Suarez had been allowed to stop for the funeral. Rocca's mother was at the aerodrome waiting for our 'plane. She had heard that her son was badly injured—no more than that—and when the poor old lady saw the coffin lifted out she dropped as though she had been shot. He was her only child.

« « «

But two days are a long time to remember anything or anybody at the height of a big offensive. Our whole front line looked like crumpling up, and Villa Montes was swarming with generals and "brass hats."

Peñeranda, the Commander-in-Chief, was said to be in disgrace at La Paz, and the rumour reached us that the President himself was about to leave for the front by air.

We accorded him, as it turned out, a very singular reception, some account of which I shall give next week.

To be continued

THE BIG OFFENSIVE

KIDNAPPED BY HIS OWN ARMY!

In next week's instalment the author describes the kidnapping of President Salamanca—an astounding coup that one senior officer described as "playing with dynamite."

Greatest of These

Bitter Poverty

Margaret

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Margaret's ex-Service dad feels somewhat bitter over his present poverty-stricken condition.

"To join the Army," he says, "I gave up a good situation. Having served through the war in Egypt and France, I was in 1918 sent home to hospital. Since then I have been unable to get a position such as I previously held. With a small capital I started business as a painter. Only six months after starting I had to be operated on in the infirmary; lost most of my work and all I had in money.

"I was then living in a house with a small rent, but owing to the new housing improvement scheme I was forced out and put into another with a rent I am unable to pay. The result now is I am being threatened with eviction. I have paid £2 11s. of my rates. But, as I have been receiving only 15s. a week for myself, wife and family of three, I have not been able to pay the further amount of 15s. 9d. still due.

"My youngest boy, aged five, is confined to bed, thus keeping me indoors and unable to help in any way. I have now reached the limit of endurance."

In addition to Margaret and the sick boy, there is the eldest of the children, a son aged twelve.

Margaret's dad has been recommended to us as "altogether worthy."

Donations earmarked "Margaret," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

CATARRH CLEARED BY NEW TREATMENT

The quickest way to stop catarrh and end head noises and catarrhal deafness is also the simplest. Get an ounce of Double Strength Parmint from your chemist and mix it with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup. He'll also give you some special tablets, called Parmintabs. Take one of these to break the phlegm. You will feel it take hold instantly, clearing the choked up passages and allowing the medicaments in the Parmint mixture to destroy the germs which lurk in the tiny crevices. In a day or two you'll find all catarrhal symptoms disappear. You will have no more of those dull headaches and deafness, that running at the nose and catarrhal discharge in the throat.

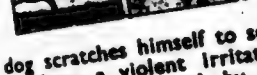
And the moment you get rid of that insidious catarrhal infection, you will notice an immediate improvement in your health, for the poison of catarrh penetrates your whole system, undermining your strength and making you an easy prey to illness.

Every sufferer from catarrh ought to try this simple Parmint recipe. It's most efficacious and succeeds where all other treatments have failed. It's very economical and very easy to make up.

'Dandy was good for nothing—SCRATCHED CONTINUALLY'

Mr. Brown's Spaniel Dandy is always ready for a romp, though it was a different story last year. Then, the warmer weather exhausted Dandy, his coat kept falling out, and he was continually scratching and biting at himself. Mr. Brown quickly cured the scratching with Bob Martin's Condition Powders—a matter of a few day's regular treatment—but the best thing he did was to start Dandy on regular conditioning. Look at the result in this photograph taken at their home in King's Langley.

WHY DANDY KEPT SCRATCHING



A dog scratches himself to seek relief from a violent irritation under his skin, caused by impurities in the blood. He cannot rid himself of these impurities by perspiring, because, as this diagram shows, a dog's skin (A) is non-porous, whereas in human skin (B) there are perspiration ducts. That is why every dog needs the blood correctives contained in Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

SAFEGUARD YOUR DOG

Whenever the weather warms up, it takes toll of a dog's health in many ways. Some dogs scratch incessantly, others become listless or go off their food, while the really neglected start with eczema or swellings between the toes. These are the common blood disorders in dogs which Bob Martin's Condition Powders have been curing for 40 years.

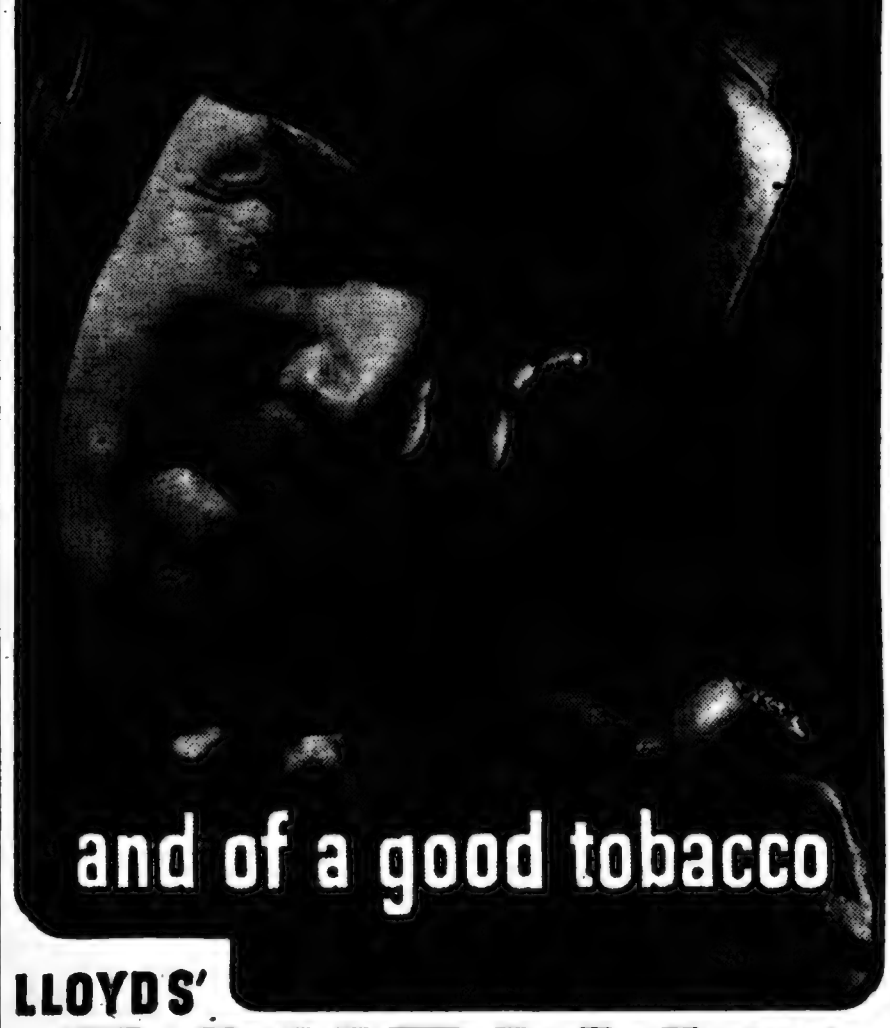
But our most important message to you is that all these blood disorders can be *prevented* by regular conditioning. The Bob Martin method of conditioning was originated more than forty years ago by Mr. Bob Martin, and is recommended to you by leading breeders and other authorities all over the world.

To-day start your dog on Bob Martin's. Watch him gain an entirely new level of fitness, and his coat take on that lovely 'bloom' which comes only to a dog in condition. Soon your dog will become a merrier, happier companion than ever you thought possible.

You can buy Bob Martin's in 6d. packets of 9, or 1/- boxes of 21 powders from all chemists and dog shops.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

COOLNESS..
. . . the secret of Speedway triumphs



and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S'
BONDMAN
is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D. per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D. per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Look into "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 16.

"MORNING MOUTH" is Nature's Warning: You're not well!

The cause of a *foul-tasting mouth* first thing in the morning is in your stomach . . . "Morning mouth" is a sure sign that your system contains decayed food waste that is poisoning your whole body. The immediate results are headaches, bad breath, flatulence, bad skin and depression. The eventual results of stomach disorders and constipation, however, may be serious organic disease. Feen-a-mint rids you of "morning mouth" because it cleanses your system thoroughly, quickly and naturally, giving you a clear complexion, bright eyes, "sweet" breath and vitality. Start Feen-a-mint to-day and such health as you never knew before will be yours. Feen-a-mint's fresh mint flavour makes it a favourite with the whole family, and 15 million regular users testify to its popularity. Sold in 1/3 packets by chemists and stores everywhere.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute, the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. Weak Kidneys usually are the real cause of Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Get the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Sis-tex) at chemists. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and cure in 8 days or money back.

A pleasant punch in every pinch
TOP MILL SNUFF
SPEARMENTHOL
DECRAIS
in handy pocket tins

Nagging Pains in the Back

"Every picture tells a story."

BACKACHE is an indication of kidney weakness and when there are also urinary irregularities, disturbed nights, dizziness and lassitude the trouble is self-evident. Don't wait for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Strengthen the kidneys at once with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put an end to needless pain and will bring back your health and vigour. You could not want better proof than that of Mrs. Houghton.

Colds weaken the Kidneys

Mrs. B. Houghton, 26, Llanwern Street, Newport, Monmouthshire, says:—"The least cold affected the kidneys, causing severe dragging pains in the lower part of my back. At times my hips were rheumatic, the pains extending to the ankles. The kidney excretions were disordered and contained sediment.

"I am glad I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They did me more good than anything else.

(Signed) B. Houghton."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

Doans Backache Kidney Pills

Yes!—that IS something to smile about! That nagging Headache will cease to thump—that piercing Neuralgia will cease to stab—that torturing twinge of Rheumatism and back-breaking agony of Lumbago will fly away for 2d.! Such is the "magic" of Beechams Powders!

Beechams Powders

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders, 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

HUGE *Boarding House* RAMP

Prolonged enquiries by Chief-Inspector Donaldson, of Scotland Yard, a year or so ago led to Dunsford receiving a well-merited term of imprisonment

A WARNING

By Sir Wyndham Childs

A MODERN Guest House and residential club, with departments for the provision of legal aid and monetary grants, a unique information bureau, a special fund for the relief of distressed landladies, a scheme of co-operation with small shopkeepers in all parts, and many other things besides, are combined in an astonishing concern which has recently been launched from offices in St. George's Square, Victoria, London.

The enterprise makes a direct appeal to the sympathies of all boarding and apartment-house keepers, for its main aim seems to be to protect them from unscrupulous people who book apartments with them and either vanish without paying their accounts or swindle them in some other fashion. Thus the title of the concern speaks for itself—the Apartment and Guest House Protection Association, Limited—and its promoter, I note, hopes to have enrolled 300,000 members within a very short space of time.

This organisation would meet with my ready support if it had been founded, and was being administered, by a person properly fitted to carry out its lofty aims.

I regret to say, however, that that is not the case. Information in my possession shows indisputably that the Apartment and Guest House Protection Association is another gem from the brain of a persistent commercial adventurer who has been "behind" one ramp after another.

Although he has done his utmost to stay unidentified "behind" this present venture, investigations by my staff enable me to tear his mask aside.

Voluble

His name will be familiar to older readers. He is Henry Dunsford, alias Henry Dee, alias Henry Wright—sixty years of age, as brusque and alert as ever, an exploiter of the semi-charity-commercial type of enterprise for nearly a quarter of a century.

Not long ago he achieved notoriety in the southern area of Greater London over a sales-cabinet ramp which petered out after several poor victims had lost all their investments. In this he was associated with a Mrs. Suzanne De B. Panter, who also figures in my present disclosures.

Mrs. Panter some time ago stayed at a boarding-house near Victoria, and, in due course, introduced Dunsford to the woman owner and told her that he had helped her to make a lot of money.

Dunsford soon commanded the conversation, and talked volubly of his "protection association" for small traders which he said he ran for the safety of traders against fraudulent customers. A similar organisation was badly needed, he suggested, for boarding-house keepers, and it was his intention to start one as soon as he could find the necessary capital.

In the end he induced the woman to allow him to have a room at her boarding-house as an office, and he boarded there, too, as an ordinary guest. He drew up plans of the proposed new association, and talked of forming a limited liability company to run the new boarding-house protection scheme, and that her establishment would be acquired as a club-house.

For the services the association would supply members would be asked to pay 15s. a quarter fee (if boarding-house keepers) and 24s. a year (if they let apartments only). They would also have to purchase the association magazine, the title of which was *A S K*, which was to be published monthly at one shilling.

A S K was short for Accommodative, Substantial and Knowledge."

Dunsford worked out masses of figures showing the profits which, with what he called his "Mass Attack" to get members in all parts of the country, would yield tens of thousands of pounds.

If he reached his goal and enrolled the estimated 300,000 members, and assuming the "boarding-house" and "apartment" classes were equal in numbers, the total yearly revenue from this source alone would amount to £630,000.

But Dunsford modestly framed his initial appeals on a temporary membership of 50,000, and confidently set down such items as "Placed in Reserve for Cases of Distress, Guest Houses, £65,000"; "For Small Shopkeepers, £25,000"; "For Buying of Property, £6,250"; "Administration of Guest House Association, £9,500"; "Club House, £5,000"; "Utility Clock Bureau, £9,500"; "Auditors, £4,375"; "Interest on Borrowed Capital, etc., £5,000," and so on.

How he arrived at these figures I cannot imagine. The auditor's charge could only be a matter of conjecture, though, while on this point, it is interesting to see how he *proposed* to appoint them.

Investors

His idea was to give a firm of auditors the job of looking after the accounts of the association providing it lent him the sum of £350, to be repaid at the rate of sixpence per member out of the first five shillings received from each member until the debt—which, with interest, amounted to £400—had been cleared!

Meanwhile, a man was found, through an advertisement, to put up money, and the association registered with a nominal capital of £1,000, many of the shares of which passed to Dunsford—or, rather, his nominees—for services rendered.

From agreements he drew up it is clear that, had the schemes fructified, he was to benefit very substantially from the proposition, taking an agreed share of every subscription which came in, and presiding over the destinies of the association in the guise of "business manager" or "business adviser"—an old trick of his.

Advertisements have since been inserted in the Press for canvassers and supervisors with cash for investment, while Dunsford has endeavoured to find two additional directors, each of whom has to put up £300 for the job.

Their duties, it amuses me to read, were to "receive subscriptions, see that they are properly accounted for, and *work in close co-operation* with the secretary (Dunsford) of the company."

And what of his "Mass Attack"? He proposed to advertise in every important provincial paper in the country for representatives and offer them (in print) a definite salary of £3 a week and commission, with £8 a week after twelve months if suitable.

Past efforts

But when they replied, he proposed to put the bulk of them "on trial"—in other words, employ them on the commission basis only, going from door to door seeking members. And he has put it in writing that he was willing for them to deduct an agreed 3s. out of every 5s. subscription and post the remainder on to headquarters. What a way of doing business!

Well, I am glad to say that the man who put up the money to form the company, and the lady whose boarding-house was thus used as headquarters of the association—and as a free lodging for himself—finally began to dislike some of Dunsford's methods!

At a board meeting later held by the directors it was very properly decided to officially terminate Dunsford's services.

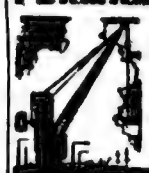
The lady upon whom Dunsford has so cruelly imposed has signed all kinds of papers, as director, at Dunsford's dictation, without knowing what she was letting herself in for.

But I trust that I am in time to save others from any renewed effort which Dunsford may make.

Past efforts, all ending in failure, with huge losses to shareholders, employees and creditors, include match industries, disabled soldiers' and sailors' charities, social services for women, and schemes to assist small shopkeepers.

In almost every venture with which he has been connected complaints have reached the police, and, following prolonged police enquiries, he was a year or so back arrested by Chief Inspector Donaldson of Scotland Yard and sentenced at the Old Bailey to a well-merited term of imprisonment.

PERMANENTLY STRONG!



"Mend it with Seccotine" was a household phrase fifty years ago. It is the same to-day. If you have ever used Seccotine for mending or mending articles you will know that it "sticks" better than any glue. Your newspaper or stationer will tell you the same thing.

In tubes 4½d., 6d. and 9d.

Free descriptive booklet from Dept. J.B.

D'CAW STEVENSON & CO., LTD., Bethnal

SECCOTINE

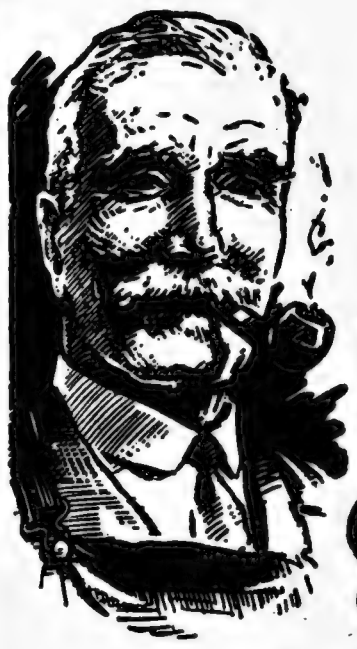
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "PLEASURE" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £6:17:6 Terms 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juvenile', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5'2 now

J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



My tobacco only costs me *Eightpence*

"Yes, eightpence is my price . . . and 'Digger' is my choice every time. For real, honest value I've found nothing to beat this fine Empire tobacco made by Player's . . . and you'll never get a cooler smoke in a day's march."

PLAYER'S DIGGER

8D PER OZ.

MIXTURE

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd P.8.89

AFTER your five or six days of wearing toil, however you feel, you are not so fit as you might be to get the utmost ounce out of the leisure and pleasures of the week-end.

Start taking PHOSFERINE to-day and get fit for play. It is the nerve-tonic which acts almost instantly, for it is no sooner taken than its invigorating contents begin to circulate through your whole system. Remember the professional celebrities who freely avow their debt to PHOSFERINE. It will do as much for YOU.

Get that bottle to-day!

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for	*for*	*for*
DEPRESSION	NEURALGIA	SCIATICA
HEADACHE	SLEEPLESSNESS	ANAEMIA
INDIGESTION	INFLUENZA	DEBILITY
BRAIN-FAG	RHEUMATISM	NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists, TABLETS *or* LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- *and* 5/-

WARNING. The public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

NEW EASY WAY to CLEAN FALSE TEETH

No Brushing

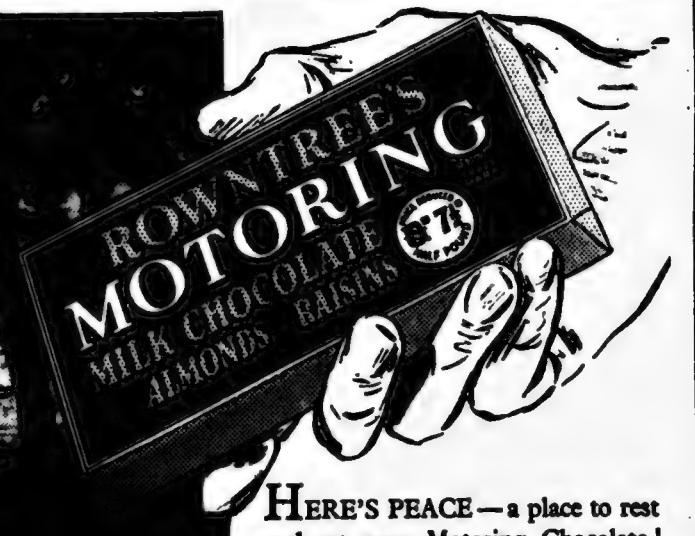
Just shake a little Steradent powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

Steradent cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. Steradent is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "*I think 'Steradent' is the best denture cleaner and stain remover I have ever tried,*" writes a dentist. "*The results obtained from using Steradent are astounding,*" writes another leading practitioner. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

Tested and Approved By over 8,000 Dentists

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1½d. in stamps to: Steradent Ltd., (Dept. 83.V), 10 Chitty Street, London, W.1.

WARNING! *Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your plates beyond repair. The Dental Profession recommends Steradent as the finest preparation ever produced for harmlessly cleaning and purifying dentures. Take no risks—insist upon Steradent.*



HERE'S PEACE—a place to rest and eat your Motoring Chocolate! Smooth, fine chocolate, filled with almonds and studded with raisins. It keeps spirits *up* and thirst *down*. And it's packed with stamina! . . . You light your pipe, you hitch your pack and go — full of fresh energy, ready for adventure.

Corns positively ended!

No need to suffer any more!

The 'business' end of a corn is the root. It is no good cutting the top.

'Reudel' oxygenated water enters the pores with special salts.

Painless extraction because roots are loosened by 'Reudel'.

THE most agonising and obstinate corns can be quickly and completely removed by a 'Reudel' Salts foot-bath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel' Salts enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. *Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.* Try it yourself and end the misery of corns without delay—ask plainly for 'Reudel' and remember "it's the *yellow* pack gives corns the sack."

REUDEL BATH SALTS

(Say ROO-DEL)

Only in YELLOW packets

1/6—large size 2/6.

STOMACH PAINS after the slightest meal

Now she pins her faith to Rennies

'I have suffered for many years with a very bad stomach, and after the slightest meal I feel blown out, and very uncomfortable, suffering from Flatulence and Heartburn, with very severe pains. I have tried many different kinds of tablets and powders without the same effect as Digestif Rennie, and after giving your tablets a very fair trial, I pin my faith to them in future. Last Saturday, having left my Rennies at home, I called at the chemist's at 8.45 a.m. and was informed with regret that they were sold out. What better testimony would you require than that? You have put on the market at last a long-felt want.'

(Mrs.) R. K., Manchester.

13th Aug., 1936.

Too much acid in the stomach is the commonest cause of indigestion. This hyper-acidity slows up the process of digestion—the food lies in the stomach, ferments and generates gas. Digestif Rennie Pastilles contain remarkably effective antacids which promptly neutralise the excess acid. They also contain ferments which actively help the normal digestive processes. Are you a stomach sufferer? Suck a couple of these delicious Rennies (they taste like sweets) after every meal, and eat what you like with no regrets. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet

The MAN I Can *Never* MARRY

SHOULD true, lasting and mutual love be denied fulfilment because the woman—myself—has been entrusted with a secret which she promised to keep and which she shares now with no living person?

My secret is not my own in the strictest sense of the word, but it is mine in the sense that I alone, of any living person, know it and I have promised to keep it—a promise which in the past year or more has become increasingly difficult to fulfil.

Little more than six years ago, at the age of twenty-two, I had not a care in the world. I was heart-whole and my best friend was a girl of my own age who shared my tastes, pleasures and other friendships, and we were rarely seen apart. For us life was indeed a grand sweet song.

At the time my story begins we used to spend quite a lot of our time in the company of two very companionable young men. They took us motoring, sometimes boating, dancing and so on, and we were like a happy family together.

Soon I became very interested in one of our men friends, whom I shall call Philip—in fact, I fell hopelessly in love with him. Naturally I concealed my growing interest in him, for, on his part, he appeared to treat us quite impartially, gaily teasing or flattering me as became his mood. Joan, my friend, gave no indication of any preference either, so I dreamed dreams in private but remained happily carefree in public.

THEN in June of that year came to me the heartbreaking surprise. Joan and Philip, one summer night, announced that they had become engaged to be married. "And it's going to be soon," laughed Joan in her perky way, words which were as a death-knell to my own hopes.

I concealed the hurt I felt as best I could, and heard myself muttering congratulations.

Well, the wedding took place, soon, as Joan had said. In three weeks from the night of the betrothal Joan became Philip's wife and I lost not only my friend but the man I secretly worshipped.

In five weeks' time Joan and Philip had returned from their honeymoon to settle down in our native town. For appearance' sake I was obliged to visit them, but my visits were few and mostly when Philip was absent.

Time wore on until one night Joan and I were sitting comfortably in her tiny home. Suddenly she burst into a dreadful storm of sobbing. Greatly perturbed, I endeavoured to console her, believing her impending motherhood to be weighing heavily on her mind.

Judge, then, of my horrified amazement when she gulped out the fact that Philip was not the father of the expected child.

For a brief moment I thought Joan was delirious, but the look of agonised suffering on her flushed face told me that she spoke the truth. I tried not to feel too disgusted at the disclosure, but it was difficult. That Joan should be guilty of such a thing stunned me.

I couldn't speak. I merely whispered: "Does Philip know?" But I knew that he did not. Joan's secret was told for the first time to me.

She implored me to be silent. to tell no one, vowing that had she known in time she would never have done Philip the injustice of marrying him. Partly because of her desperate pleadings, partly because of my own deep affection for Philip, the man I could never marry, I promised never to reveal what Joan had told me.

Having unburdened herself, Joan became calm again and soon I left her, with that secret which is mine alone.

In due course the confinement took place—six weeks too soon, according to report. Joan was very ill, and then came the staggering news—in giving birth to twin boys Joan lost her life, one of the children surviving.

THE sad happening caused a minor sensation in our small community and much sympathy was extended to the husband. He withdrew himself entirely from public life, and even after the conventional mourning period had long since passed Philip was seen no more among the younger set. I mourned my friend sincerely, but was sorely grieved for Philip more especially in the light of my secret knowledge.

Years passed and I did not even see him, and gradually the healing hand of time began to help me to forget, but Fate ordained otherwise.

Just three years after Joan's tragic passing I chanced to meet Philip. Sorrow, loneliness, perhaps more, had whitened the once dark hair at his temples, the wistful eyes that smiled at me then were not the merry eyes of happy days. Somehow after that we seemed to meet very frequently, until gradually we fell into the old habit of going to places together, just as we had done when we had gone in foursomes. I observed that Philip seemed to derive a quiet pleasure from our association, and I was content.

In our conversation Joan was rarely mentioned, by tacit consent, but often Philip talked of the child, seeking help in the understanding of him. He himself has always had occasion to be away from home a good deal in the course of business, and always he seemed to find the child difficult. Always, too, he blamed himself, feeling that his absences were not for the child's good.

Not very long ago Philip asked me to marry him, and I accepted him, but begged for an engagement of at least six months. Why, I cannot explain, for I love him today as madly as in my younger days.

The engagement is not yet official, and now, despite my absorbing love for the man who has suffered so much, I feel that I cannot ever marry him while that child shares his home.

Shortly after I gave Philip my promise, I visited his home for the purpose of getting to know his son, and I found to my dismay that I simply cannot take to the boy.

Whether the shadow of the dark secret of his birth repels me or whether it be fear for the part he must play in a future shared with his "father," I cannot say.

IN my heart I pity the child, quite unnecessarily, as it happens, for Philip is a good father. I bear him no grudge. He is the innocent victim of a youthful folly, a folly which is hidden in the grave. And were I to tell Joan's secret now, that tiny child on the very threshold of life might suffer immeasurably and I should for ever blame myself.

Don't think I feel martyred at the necessity for silence. I feel no self-pity. I sorrow for Philip, for soon now I must tell him that life for us together cannot be.

I shall not tell him the true reason—that the grave has sealed my lips with a secret, one I wish I had never been told.

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COS 8-36

MOTHER doesn't APPROVE..

Meeting a new fiancé—taking holidays together . . . there are many things about which a mother may register disapproval, but she should remember that times and habits are constantly changing

Human Documents by Philip Inman

SHOULD courting couples go away together for week-ends and holidays? That is the question a young man puts to me. This is what he tells me:—

My fiancée is twenty-five years old and a sensible girl, but her mother says that we should not go away for holidays together until we are married. Such a thing, she assures me, would never have been dreamed of when she was our age.

I feel that she is wrong in taking up this attitude, but I can't explain my reasons to her. I should be so grateful for your help.

Because such things were not done when this mother was a young woman, it is not to say that they are wrong today. If she were to cast her mind back, I am sure she would remember that there were things she did of which *her* mother did not approve.

The world does not stand still. The questionable of one generation becomes the accepted of the next.

To a certain type of mind all kinds of evil can be foreseen in a young couple going away holidaymaking together. But if a girl has any inclination to go wrong she will find opportunity—away or at home. And the same applies to a young man.

That word "don't" has done more damage than any other word in our language. "Don't look in the cupboard," we say to our children. And that prohibition arouses their curiosity to such an extent that wilful disobedience results. And to the young man or young woman the word "don't" may have a similar effect. Or it may lead to resentment and ill-feeling.

Let me say this to that mother. She can't have her daughter tied all her life to her apron-strings. At twenty-five she is of an age to know her own mind and to fight her own way in life. But what this mother can do is what every mother should do, and that is, counsel their children to play the game and not to do anything that would bring shame upon themselves or their loved ones.

Now, having said these things, let me return to my correspondent. I can see no wrong in sensible couples going away together for holidays. The only snag is whether it might tend to cheapen life later on. But that depends entirely upon the couple concerned.

NOW here is a girl who is writing to tell me of the difficulty that has arisen in her love affair. She says:

I am twenty-three years of age and have always had the best of everything. My parents gave me the finest education the city could provide, and now I am secure—with a profession and a good post.

I am in love with a young man, a year older than myself, but my parents do not agree with it. He is a fine man; everyone speaks well of him and he is the soul of honour. He loves me and wishes to marry me in the future; but the snag is—he is not educated.

My family thinks that to marry such a man would only make for unhappiness. Do not think that he is illiterate; far from it. He is very intelligent, but working amongst rough men has made him careless in grammar, etc.

I, of course, pay little attention to it now, but would it (as my friends suggest) after a few years exasperate me? Many times we have agreed to part, but we only seek each other out again, and it is only then that we are happy.

This is not a case of the "first man," for I have enjoyed the company of men for a long time now—four years in a university is ample proof of that.

Oh! If I could only do something which would make my family change! I'm afraid that some of my friends might look down on him, and that would hurt both of us terribly.

If only he could have had the chances that I have had! For it is only lack of money and opportunity that makes him seem to my family inferior. I want everyone to be proud of him. Do try and understand and help me, please.

I am going to remind this girl and her young man of the story of Quintin Matsys, the Flemish blacksmith. He fell in love with the daughter of an artist and she with him.

But this artist vowed that his daughter should marry only a distinguished master of his own art.

Matsys laid down his hammer, left the forge and entered a studio. And to-day—four centuries after his death—people go from all parts to Windsor to see his famous picture, "The Two Misers."

What that man did for love all those years ago it should be possible to do to-day. There are far more opportunities now than then. This girl tells me of the fine qualities her young man possesses. But if he is really in love with her I think he should be more considerate for her happiness.

Though he works with rough men there is no reason why he should drift into their slack, uneducated talk. When he knows the effect such a thing has upon her parents he should make every effort to improve himself.

After all, he is only twenty-four now, and it would do him no harm to spend a few hours every week at night classes.

That, from an educational standpoint, would assist him to approximate the level reached by my correspondent. It would also show her parents that he was worthy of the love of their daughter.

AND here is a girl's love-affair—through the eyes of her mother:

Eleven years ago I was left a widow with two step-daughters, one sixteen and the other ten, and a little girl of my own of three and a half. Soon afterwards I discovered that the elder step-daughter was keeping company with a boy a year her senior.

I tried my best to stop the association as I thought she was too young and also I did not think him suitable for her. I could not get her to see sense, and after a great deal of trouble I told her she would have to choose between him and me. She chose him and went away with him.

Now I am starting the same thing all over again with my own girl. She is fifteen years old, and up to now has given me no trouble at all. But just recently she has become friendly with a boy of seventeen. From what I hear he comes from a nice respectable family and is in a fairly decent position.

What am I to do—try to part them and lose her, too, or let it go on? I have heard many times that my elder step-daughter has regretted the step she took and wished she had taken my advice.

A girl of fifteen is, of course, very young to form a friendship of this kind. But in spite of that, I think it would be unwise for this mother to prevent it.

Her best plan would be to invite the young man into her home. If the relationship is to go on, it is better for it to be under this woman's own eye. And a mother is far more likely to gain her daughter's confidence if she shows a willingness to help her with her sympathy and affection.

THE young man, after all, has two points in his favour—he comes from a good home and he has a decent job. Those qualifications should make him steady and reliable. Prevention of this friendship might lead to this girl becoming deceptive or even worse.

Encouragement of it is the policy to adopt. In that way the two young people will be thrown openly together; they will discover whether they really care for one another or whether it is a youthful flirtation that will soon pass.

In either case the mother will preserve her daughter's love and trust.

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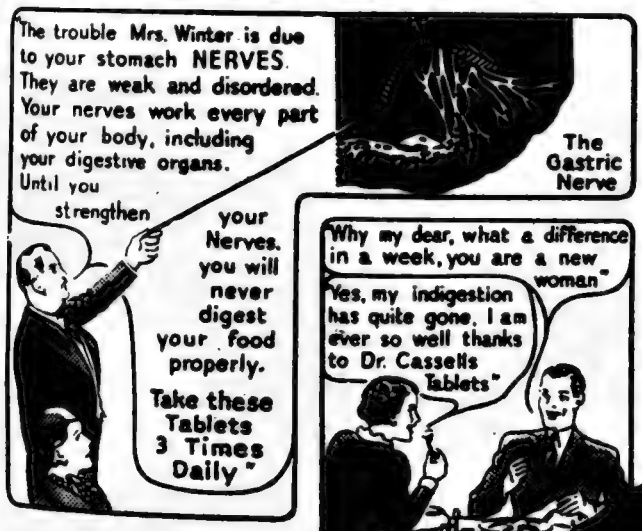
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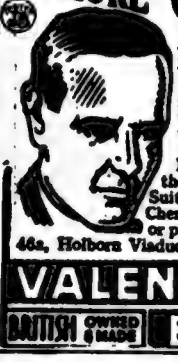
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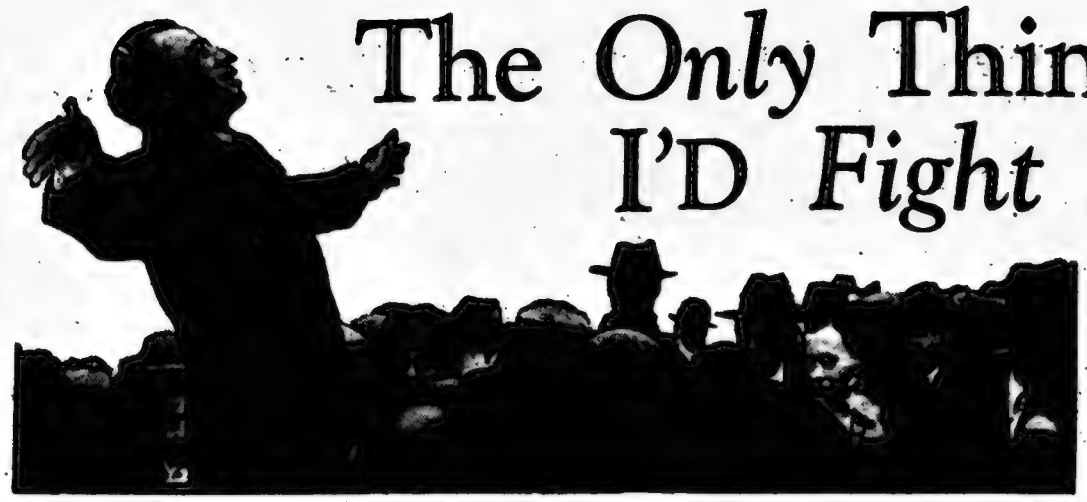

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THERE is a quaint little thatched cottage in a shady, fern-fringed Devonshire lane. It is surrounded by well-kept gardens, flanked by clumps of plum and apple trees, now in full bearing.

A grey-haired man is digging potatoes in the back garden, a rosy-cheeked dame is culling blooms from the flower borders, and a younger woman is feeding chickens in the orchard.

My home—my parents—my sister. For these I would fight to the last gasp.—*City Slave, S.W.8.*

Democracy

Ever since the Witenagemot was summoned by the Saxons, the Englishman has fought steadily for a democracy which, to-day, is the envy of the whole world.

Numerous and fierce have been the battles waged by the people to bring about a just and representative Government, and to-day the Mother of Parliaments can, like some great bastion, stand out supreme and unassailed.

Any attack upon this heritage, any attempt to set up a dictatorship or to threaten this democracy, would cause me to fight to the last breath.—*Bulldog, Isleworth.*

Worth Fighting For

A bachelor, without living relatives, I have spent much of my life abroad. Germany—where one's every action is governed by some official restriction or other; where, indeed, men and women seem but the puppets of a fanatical dictator.

France, but a shadow of her former gay self, suspicious—and characterised nowadays by internal discontent. America—the land of the free . . . yes, even too free. Graft, corruption, and violence have not been exaggerated by Hollywood's film disclosures.

But in England one finds freedom tempered with sanity, independence of citizenship protected by a sane public outlook. This, I think, is well worth fighting for.—*Proud Britisher, Southampton.*

England

I'd fight for England—that little bit of earth that I call home. I am a "Little Englander," caring little for ties of Empire or our possessions abroad. I would not fight for India, Egypt, South Africa, Canada or Australia.

But I love England! Not an inch of English land should fall to an invader if the sacrifice of my life in battle could avert such a disaster.

A "son of the soil," the love for England is in my bones, and without it I should be but a clod, a lifeless, loveless thing!—*G. W., Hounslow.*

"My Kiddy"

My seven-year-old daughter means all the world to me. I was left a widower when she was a baby, and I've cared for her ever since.

I've sacrificed all my leisure to watch over her, tightened my belt when unemployed to make sure she had plenty.

I'd kill, murder, or fight to the death for my kiddy. I love her more than my own life. . . .—*Mr. A. C., St. Michael's, Bristol.*

Shoulder to Shoulder

My two brothers, after a prolonged spell of unemployment and the Means Test, joined the Army, saying that I should keep them no longer.

Now these youngsters have a roof over their heads, food and clothing, and have regained a measure of self-respect. If war came again, they would inevitably be called upon to defend the country which, in time of peace, could only offer them a "dole" queue.

I could never sit back while those boys fought, perhaps died for me, and for that reason alone I would take up arms and stand shoulder to shoulder with my brothers.—*Brian, Liverpool.*

Awful Misery

Although only a woman, nevertheless I'd fight to save my only son going through the awful misery, filth and bloodshed of a war such as his father went through.

Of course, by the time he has reached the "cannon fodder" age I shall have seen to it that he has a more enlightened outlook than his father had.

Although I am terrified of the word "war," were it possible, I would willingly volunteer to save my son from such beastliness.—*Sonny Boy, Maidstone.*

Warning Ignored

Supposing war broke out between two countries, and Britain made it perfectly clear from the outset that she wasn't participating in the affair. . . .

Supposing, after that straightforward warning, that either of the warring nations attacked Britain without such an attack being provoked. . . .

Then—and only then—would I willingly sail into the affray and go hammer and tongs at the offending country.—*W. D., Essex.*

The King

I'm quite sure we possess the finest king in the world. Quite apart from any immediate consequences to myself, I'd be sorry indeed to see some foreign dictator's ally strutting through Buckingham Palace. I admit that a repetition of such war-time propaganda as the "What did you do in the Great War, daddy?" poster would leave me stone cold.

Both our present King and his beloved father have worked ungrudgingly for the good of the ordinary man and woman. If King Edward were in danger I'd fight . . . because I regard him as a man worth fighting for.—*E. H., Birmingham.*

Peace

Despite the fact that I fought in the "war to end war," I'd still fight for perpetual peace. But it would have to be founded on more than mere "scraps of paper" this time. The peoples of the world are asking for peace, but they have grown suspicious of diplomats' signatures appended to documents amid scenes of pomp and enthusiasm.

So long as the ordinary folk of the world want peace a way must be eventually found of killing for all time the spectre of war. It is an ideal worth fighting for . . . providing that victory does guarantee lasting peace.—*B. C., Warwick.*

Parliament of Women

I have no kin—the men were shot and blasted into eternity during the war, the women died from various causes indirectly traceable to the war.

Alone with my memories, which include a fierce hatred of all Governments who talk peace and think war, I'd use my remaining energies—given the chance—to fight with all the persuasive power of my tongue for a Government composed entirely of women.

And they'd be women, preferably, who'd lost their menfolk in the last war.—*Mrs. Woods, Plymouth.*

Art and Beauty

A lover of art and beauty, I would fight for artistic treasures. History is full of cases where insensate destruction of art and literary treasures have followed conquest.

These things can never be replaced. When the lust for destruction of a conqueror is appeased a country's beauty has been ravished and beauty has fled.

In defence of the artistic beauty that belongs to my country I would fight to the bitter end and count the sacrifice worth while.—*R. B., Yorkshire.*

Ambition

I am a young girl, on the verge of leaving school, and the only thing I'd fight for would be my ambition. That ambition is to be able to help to uplift the lives of the working-classes.

My family, including my mother, go daily to work in a stuffy factory. They have an hour in which to rush home, light the fire, and have a hurried cold meal. When they get home in the evening there is all the housework to be done, and when at last their time is their own they are too tired to enjoy themselves.

Can you wonder, then, that I want to make conditions better, for my mother, at least?—*Miss H., Staffs.*

Working Class

The working-class seems to me the only thing worth fighting for, and it is my duty as a working man to oppose any oppression of my class.

During the last war the opposing sides were capitalists. The workers had no quarrel, lying propaganda made them think they had. No people in the world are so understanding as the workers, and if wars were of their making, peace would be assured.—*White Rep, Hendon, Co. Durham.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Autumn Double

NOW that the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire weights are out, backers will be after the autumn double in earnest.

My early fancies for the long-distance event have not been harshly treated. Cho-Sen has 7 st. 7 lb., Queen's Shilling 7 st. 8 lb., and Avondale 7 st. 7 lb. To them I would add Rondo with 7 st. 12 lb.

Some revision is necessary with the Cambridgeshire selections, as Guinea Gap has gone to stud and it is feared that Mansur is a victim of heel-bug. I am satisfied with Pegasus, 7 st. 13 lb., adding Pegomas, 8 st. 3 lb., and Esquemeling with 8 st. 2 lb.

Make a note of Hollands and Such Fun at Alexandra Park this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, September 10, to Wednesday, September 16

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, September 15.

The Good Deed I Regret

There's nothing to beat a little cigar!

WHEN YOU CATCH AN EARLY TRAIN

A MARCELLA Whiff can be a compensation as well as a delight! When business calls you earlier to town than usual, light up one of these cheery little 'smokes.' Their cool, mellow fragrance is at once soothing and satisfying.

MARCELLA WHIFFS

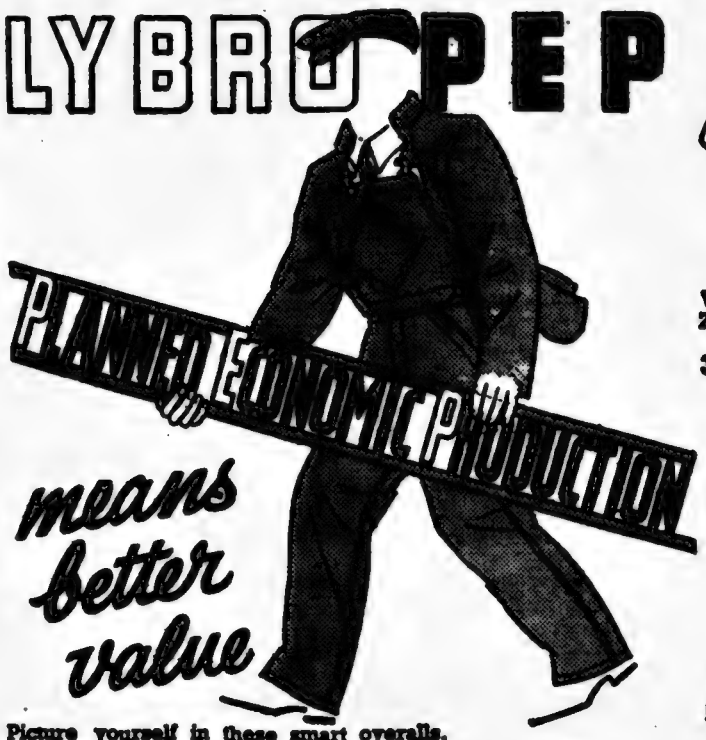
3 *for* 6D • 5 *for* 10D • 10 *for* 1/8

MW 15

It's good

If you see it advertised in "John Bull,"
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 27

LYBRO PEP



means better value

Picture yourself in these smart overalls. We have put PEP into our production methods — a whole factory has been re-planned for your benefit — to give you better value without increase of price. Insist on Lybro for the sake of your pocket. Ask your outfitter to show you these 'better-value' overalls

WORKSHIFTS
Zip or Button Fronts
3/11 & 4/11

COVERALL COATS
5/-, 6/6 & 8/11

BIB OVERALLS
2/11, 3/11, 4/11 & 6/6

SHOP JACKETS
3/11 & 4/11

LYBRO overalls
— fitting for every job!

WORKWEAR LTD., LYBRO WORKS, LIVERPOOL 7

GET SOME REAL SLEEP to-night

Records show that during summer-time people suffer more from lack of sleep than at any other time of the year. Thousands of people just can't sleep soundly in unaccustomed surroundings when on holiday, or in hot or stormy weather. Yet it is a fact that practically everyone can enjoy refreshing, sweet and soothing sleep if they will take the precaution of taking one or two 'ASPRO' tablets on retiring. You can't appreciate the value of 'ASPRO' for sleeplessness until you try it. Remember, 'ASPRO' does not drug, it acts in a soothing manner. In fact—

'ASPRO' is the SAFE way to get Healthy-Natural Sleep

HEADACHES STOPPED SLEEPS BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE

Brockton House,
Newport, Shropshire.

Dear Sir,

For weeks I had endured most awful headaches. I tried lots of things which my friends recommended, but all were in vain. I was almost in despair when, on visiting my friend's home, her mother gave me two 'ASPRO' tablets, and do you know within a few minutes I felt much relieved. She recommended them, so on my way back I called at a shop and purchased a 6d. box. I took two more before I went to bed and slept better than I had done for ages. In the morning I woke feeling fit and well and you can be sure I shall never be without 'ASPRO' again.

Yours truly,
IVY HOLLAND.

SLEEPLESSNESS & PAIN GO

Greenford Park.

Dear Sirs,

I have recently recovered from an attack of rheumatic fever and since returning home I have had a good many sleepless nights due to the pain in my limbs.

I tried several supposed remedies but to no avail, until one day my husband brought home a box of 'ASPRO.' The result was astonishing. I took two the first night and the time I had finished the box, taking six per day, I was brighter in spirits, considerably relieved of pain, and noticed a reduction in the joints that were swelled.

Yours sincerely, E.A.G.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

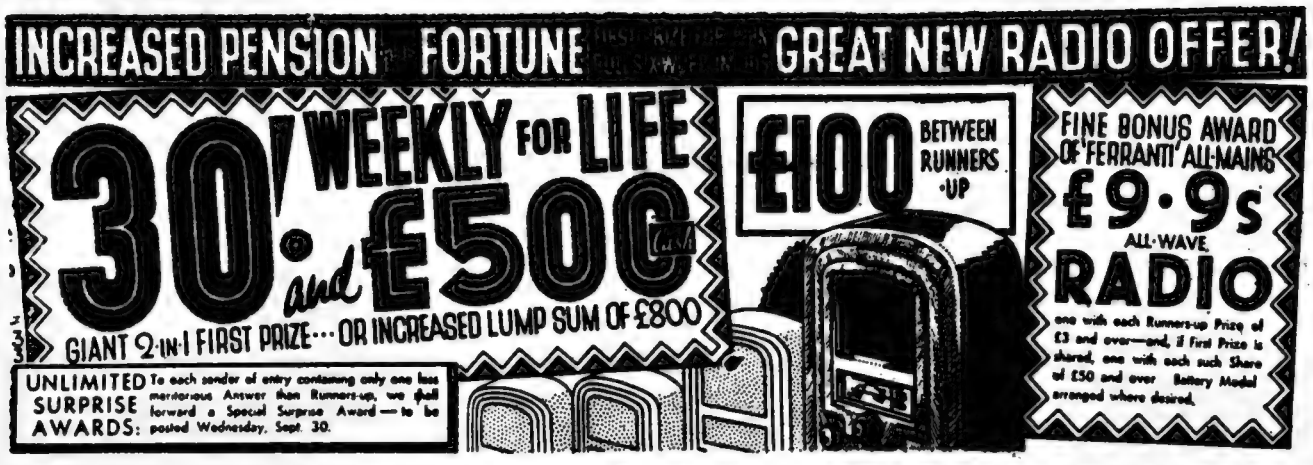
Made in England by 'ASPRO' Limited, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Telephone: SLOUGH 682.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

ASPRO


INCREASED PENSION FORTUNE
GREAT NEW RADIO OFFER!
30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE
and £500
GIANT 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE··· OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £800
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
FINE BONUS AWARD OF FERRANTI ALL-MAINS
£9·9s ALL-WAVE RADIO
one with each Runners-up Prize of £3 and over—and, if First Prize is shared, one with each such Share of £50 and over. Battery Model arranged where desired.
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS:
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted Wednesday, Sept. 30.

PRESENTED on this page is the thirty-third of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 1, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, September 18.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

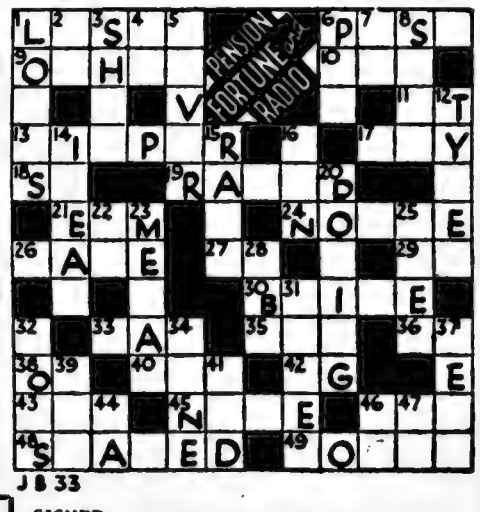
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 1. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 6, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 33. Closing FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1936.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 33. Closing FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1936.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help.

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name .....

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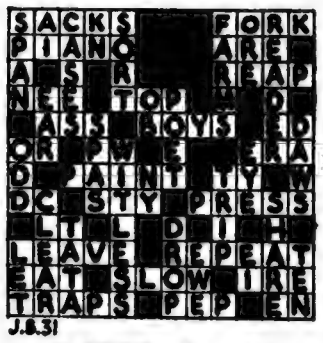


X-WORD No. 31.

RESULT ON PAGE 37.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 31 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners for next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the Coupon given below.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Catalogues
6. Flowers must be tied up carefully for this
9. Used to make yellow paint
10. Insect found in pantry
11. Part of boat in water
12. Cured and smoked herring
17. Your child will do this to draw attention to itself
18. Shillings and pence
19. Some Spanish sea-ports have recently been, by gun-fire
21. Wooden part of helmet
24. Plays big part in rodeo entertainment
26. Believers in sadism are this
27. South East
29. Start and finish of Tests.
30. It's a fool who takes one without thinking of consequences
33. You occasionally get fierce one in country places
35. Little cake found in abundance
36. Brawl always ends thus
38. Job without a beginning
40. Last half of gallop
42. Extremities of leg
43. Take food
45. Musical sound may come from this
46. Afternoon meal
48. Modern lighting equipment is, in peculiar ways
49. Little red-breast

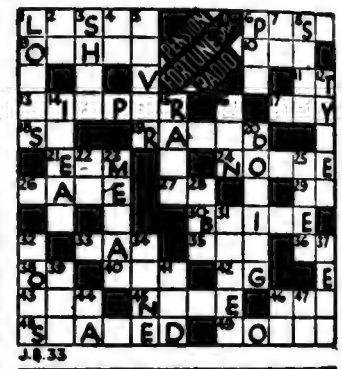
CLUES DOWN

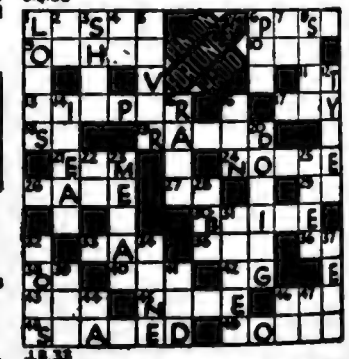
1. Don't put your trust in these
2. Common to ice and pickle
3. Is expected to have good lines
4. How trouble begins
5. Cut
6. Decent chap should be able to get
7. Middle of sponge
8. Heavenly twinkler
12. Modern ones are often better designed than old ones
14. What many of us are continually striving for
15. Power can be transmitted by them
16. Occasional attention to this pays farmer
20. Doing this is unwise, except on doctor's instructions
22. Both ends of lever
23. Striking a new one is a notable event
25. Well-known Irish dish
28. Tide that is this is going out
31. One who governs
32. Many obtain satisfaction in meeting these half-way
34. You can speak in a high or low one
37. Not fat
39. Expression of contempt in Bahamas
41. Peas are found in this
44. Stop half-way through talk
46. Tomb with nothing inside
47. Two-fifths of eight in weig

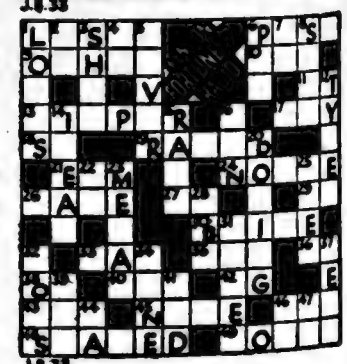
COPY SQUARES

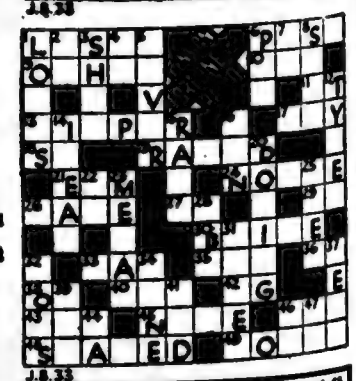
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED









NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

CROSSWORD NO. 33, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

EARNER (Guildford).—"I ran over her cat and am going to replace it." But can you catch mice?

G. B. (Barnet).—"Boxers do not lead lazy lives." Many of them, however, seldom get up until after ten.

H. M. (Liverpool).—"Quite a lot of people whistle when things go wrong." Football referees, for instance.

MAGNATE (London).—"Our quarrel ended when we started to puff our cigars." So it ended in smoke.

ARCHITECT (Liverpool).—"Women are now trying to oust us out of our profession." The designing females.

P. F. (Grimsby).—"If you will only try a bottle of my tonic, you will never want any other." Is it as bad as all that?

FORTY (Leicester).—"I'm afraid that my morning exercises do me no good whatever." The daily doesn't?

FOOTBALLER (Bradford).—"How can I become a successful marksman?" Take your courage in both feet.

DENTIST (Yarmouth).—"I calculate that in this town one man has a tooth out every half-hour of the day." Poor fellow!

F. D. (Yorkshire).—"I have just become the father of triplets, and I can't think of anything to call them." We greatly admire your restraint.

P. B. (Dalston).—"When choosing a house what do you consider the most important thing to bear in mind?" That it has to be paid for.

G. R. (Blackpool).—"A wife keeps the house tidy and does the cooking and she can't say anything more than that." Oh, can't she?

SHOPKEEPER (Horsham).—"I have been in this shop six months and had nothing but bills to meet." Your business must be paying.

P. N. (Bournemouth).—"I can always write a good ghost story after I've had four or five double-whiskies." You find yourself in the right spirit?

H. M. B. (Newquay).—"Although seabathing is my greatest delight, there is one thing I am very careful of." Not to be carried away by it?

TWO ASSISTANTS (Chepstow).—"We appeal to you to decide which is the correct way to tie up a parcel." It is a knotty problem.

D. P. (Reading).—"It is terrible when a comedian realises that audiences are no longer amused by his jokes." And more terrible when he doesn't realise it.

TOM (Leicester).—"What would you do if you dashed on to the platform and saw your holiday train receding into the distance?" Lose it.

H. T. (Faversham).—"Most men are fond of disappearing into a foaming breaker." Except when they have predicted that the tide would never reach the deckchair.

W. S. (Warwick).—"A former Midlands laundry worker is winning fame as an all-in wrestler." Evidently he still likes nothing better than to do a bit of mangling.

SUPERSTITIOUS (Hythe).—"There are definitely unlucky months for brides." And bachelors should remember never to get married when there is an R or a Y or a U in the month.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-slips."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Attention is drawn to the fact that an UNEXPECTED mortar bomb is buried in a patch of gorse."

THE GARDEN AND HOME:—"From 1859 when the first machines were introduced for the SOWING and making of shoes. . . ."

THE BIRMINGHAM POST:—". . . in four overs and five BULLS he took five wickets for 13 runs. . . ."

BOURNEMOUTH TIMES AND DIRECTORY:—"Black beetles can be trapped by leaving a damp MOB in a corner of the kitchen."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"The weather conditions, however, greatly interfered with the fete and GALE."

SHIELDS GAZETTE:—"A new cold-water tank has been fitted in the scarlet fever BLOCK at East Boldon Hospital."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Dairy Shorthorn bull CARVED before 1935. . . ."

The Editor Laughs Last

Farmer (Lavenham).—"A bull that looks menacing isn't necessarily dangerous. It doesn't follow." That's where you are wrong!

"Take a letter to the Mid-Air Transport Company!"
From "The Passing Show"

F. N. (Birmingham).—"What is a worm-driven car?" One that has a back-seat driver.

R. S. (Oxshott).—"I have a coin dated 55 B.C. Can you tell me what it is?" Yes, a fake.

L. S. (Clacton).—"My fiancée tells me I am like true steel." Because you are useless when you lose your temper?

MOTORIST (Reading).—"Many people are prone to carelessness." Which carelessness causes proneness.

DESPONDENT (Surbiton).—"The wheels of chance have hit me very hard." Car or roulette?

FUSSY (Hoylake).—"I won't take a bungalow because I hate casement curtains." That's a drawback.

T. P. (Sutton).—"I swear by a cold bath every morning." Why do you not have the geyser repaired?

MRS. W. (Herne Bay).—"Don't you men feel frightened when a barber stands over you flourishing a razor?" No, madam, we take it on the chin.

S. M. (Glasgow).—"A rival of our club stole the hurdles at our sports meeting, but later became nervous and returned them." He had the jumps?

OFFICE BOY (Swansea):—"We are having great larks while the boss is suffering from gout." Just when he can't put his foot down.

R. G. (Southport).—"He said that the villa I'm buying goes back to the Stuarts." Don't you believe it. It's yours for keeps when you've paid for it.

STRAIGHT LEFT (Peckham).—"Our instructor shows us no mercy—he knocked me clean out of the ring three times last week." He's showing you the ropes, no doubt.

ETHEL N. (Warrington).—"When I went to work in the morning I left my mother in bed very poorly, but when I got back she was sitting up darning stockings." You found her on the mend.

F. F. (Tottenham).—"I was very annoyed when I was forcibly ejected from the meeting—my eye was punched and my coat was torn." You were badly put out, so to speak.

D. R. (Chesterfield).—"I have a lot of pulling to do in my job." Barman?

H. S. (Crawley).—"The only witness was a slim young woman." Slender evidence.

A. P. (Edgware).—"While on holiday I met a farmer without a grumble." The blackleg!

S. J. (Epsom).—"Is it possible to stop an owl hooting at night?" Well, you can have a shot at it.

H. F. (Woking).—"Rarely is a forceful man's face his fortune." Yet he usually wins by his cheek.

T. D. (Gosport).—"It is my experience that divers are very thoughtful men." They certainly think deeply.

S. N. (Plymouth).—"I put on a false moustache just to give the detective a surprise." Did it come off?

EQUESTRIAN (Barnes).—"One can have great sport riding a horse without equipment." Unbridled merriment!

M. M. (Diss).—"The majority of 'phone girls are quite satisfactory." But some don't answer at all well.

N. L. (Essex).—"I have bought up all the apples in the district." Are you the local doctor?

SHARP (Burnley).—"It is cheaper to buy your own wallpaper and paste it on yourself." But doesn't it look better on the wall?

HODGE (Mitchell).—"After he had swallowed a few mouthfuls of the duck pond he paid me what he owed." You made him cough up.

J. K. (Edinburgh).—"Whatever can a boy be thinking of to go and watch a football match without asking his employer?" His employer.

M. A. (Brixton).—"I got my first taste of the beach this summer." You should have handled the sandwiches more carefully.

CHARLIE (Clapham).—"I've finished all the rooms, but I don't know how to whitewash the piece of ceiling leading up to the skylight." It's a bit above you?

DINER (Ealing).—"When I had to return the soup, which was terrible, I spoke nicely to the waitress, nevertheless." The soft answer turneth away broth.

CONSTABLE (Wanstead).—"Policemen are jealous of each other like women, and follow each other's habits sheep-like." Copy cats and catty cops?

TAILOR (Essex).—"I am certain that my trousers cannot be beaten." We expect that in that case you do a good trade with schoolboys.

S. A. (Dagenham).—"My brother has been fined twice for travelling on the railway with only a platform ticket." He seems to have ideas beyond his station.

A. I. T. (Bloomsbury).—"When I compose poetry I sit with my head between my clenched hands and groan." We read it in exactly the same way.

J. M. C. (Blackpool).—"My wife always insists on the last word." Win one of those ten 2-in-1 prizes offered on page 39, then you present her with the last word in Radiograms—and keep for yourself the bumper cheque which goes with it.

G. P. (Bath).—"Small boys do not seem to realise that too many ripe plums are bad for them." You mean they do not realise that there is such a thing as too many ripe plums?

R. J. (Wembley).—"My boss has offered me a position as traveller for the firm, and he tells me that there is a possibility of my making good." He's given you an outside chance.

F. L. (Aylsham).—"I was going to bet five shillings on a horse, but changed my mind. Naturally, it won at a big price." So now you're put out about putting off putting it on?

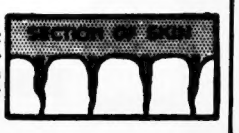
T. P. (Bedford).—"Half the ceiling fell in on me when I was trying to fix a light over my bed, and my wife had no sympathy whatever for me." You must admit that you brought it on yourself.

ILLUSIONIST (Birmingham).—"At the end of the second performance, after being tied up with a rope for an hour, I felt very tired." You were absolutely done up.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Dissolve away SUPERFLUOUS HAIR... ...at the ROOTS

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse hair ends which grow back thicker and faster.



This new toilet cream dissolves the keratin in the hair and its roots. Removes hair *below* the skin surface. Leaves no stubble—no coarse regrowth.

An amazing new discovery by a celebrated chemist. The hair simply falls away! No odour; no mess or bother. Simply spread the cream on the skin—wash off with water—every trace of hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth, as if that ugly growth had never existed. The razor method is old-fashioned and dangerous. Nasty smelling pastes and powders completely out of date. The up-to-date *scientific* way is New Veet (new and improved formula). Get a tube to-day and end your superfluous hair troubles for ever. By exclusive arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 32 Z), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

£1,000 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 31

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 31, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square were the following two competitors who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on page 36:—

Miss G. Brooks, 61, Bell Street, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.
Miss K. W. Thomson, 62, Holdenhurst Avenue, Finchley, N.12.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £750 First Prize, and a cheque for £375 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 15, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 42 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £3 11s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An additional Holiday Bonus of £150 will be divided between cash Prize-winners who used the special "Crossword Gazette" application Coupon which appeared with the announcement of this Competition.

A Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to each Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in the same envelope.

A useful Surprise Award for each of the 222 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

"BE WARNED BY OUR FATE—
WE ARE VICTIMS OF THE DANGERS OF DIRT"

"SIMPLE CUTS AND GRAZES - THAT'S ALL WE HAD, BUT DIRT-BRED GERMS INFECTED THEM AND LED US TO HOSPITAL WARDS AND OPERATING TABLES"

TO BE SAFE YOU MUST DO AWAY WITH ALL DIRT

Wherever there's a scrap of dirt, disease germs may be breeding and lying in wait to infect the tiniest open wound or to attack anyone in a low condition. Only when you have used a soap that takes dirt completely away can you be sure of protection against the dangers of dirt infection.

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP ENSURES PROTECTION AGAINST THE DANGER OF DIRT INFECTION

The Safeguard in these cases:

SOLD EVERYWHERE 2½d PER TABLET

TWO-TABLET CARTON 5d

Also exercise tablet 3d

FAMILY USES NO OTHER SOAP

"... your famous Health Soap. We (myself, wife and children) use no other soap but this, and undoubtedly the protection which the soap gives is the main factor."

Testimonial No. 5185.

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

KH 3A-172 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

BROKEN BONES in the Playground

THE perils of playtime never enter children's minds. On cricket pitch or football field, in gymnasium or playground, they run lightheartedly into danger every day. In spite of all the teachers' care, accidents *will* happen, and only too often end in broken bones.

Last week JOHN BULL distributed no fewer than 118 cheques to parents whose children had came to grief while at play or on their way to and from school.

Benefits for children's accidents are but *one* of the many unsurpassed features of JOHN BULL's great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Provision is also made for accidents in the home and garden, on the sports field, and while boating and bathing. Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard your household effects against damage caused by **fire, storm, flood** and **tempest**, and is the *only* paper to pay **sickness** benefits.

One registration not only covers the reader, but also the reader's wife or husband as well as the home and children (over six and under fifteen). If you are not already a registered reader fill in the forms on page 31 NOW!

Mr. A. C. Dawson

NOW THEY'RE EVEN PROUDER FATHERS

Mr. G. Hotchkin

THREE fathers went fishing in peaceful *Bullets* waters the other day and each landed a whopper. Father No. 1 was 34-year-old Mr. G. Hotchkin, 15, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes, who captured our 1,040th Contest's First Prize with the neat and human effort, GIRL I LOVE—"CLOSER" WHEN "ROAD'S DARK."

As the result of entering that tribute to his wife, this Grimsby fish buyer found himself faced with the pleasant problem of whether to accept an immediate fortune of £500 or else enjoy a Family Holiday Week and a 20s. Weekly Life Pension.

"I have not been away from business for years," Mr. Hotchkin told me, when I called with congratulations, writes a JOHN BULL man. "But I must try to take my wife and small son and daughter up to Blackpool this autumn to see the illuminations at JOHN BULL'S expense.

"I have been entering *Bullets* for six years," he said, "and in 1935 reached the printed prize-list three times.

"This year my results have been disappointing," he confessed. "Still, I was not disheartened; in fact, I just made up my mind that this run of comparative failure meant that perhaps I would win something really big."

* * *

Father No. 2 is Mr. A. C. Dawson, 33, Launceston Gardens, Greenford, Middx. He captured this Contest's £50 Second Prize with the thoughtful *Bullet*, WISE PARSON—PLAYS BRIDGE—*And* DARTS. Like the First Prize-winner, Mr. Dawson has one little boy and a girl.

"This was only my fourth attempt at *Bullets*," this 29-year-old winner told JOHN BULL, "and it only took me about five minutes to make up my successful effort.

"I thought that to be wise, a parson should be able to mix with all classes of society." Mr. Dawson recalled. "First I had bridge and football in mind; then I remembered that the previous day I had won the Darts Handicap at the works, so down went 'Darts.'

"I am a panel beater by trade," he concluded, "and have never played bridge in my life!"

* * *

Father No. 3 is Mr. F. Tyldsley, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth, Lancs—and it was his small son who inspired his appealing Third Prize *Bullet*, KEEPS ME AWAKE—"MAKE ME LIKE DADDY!"

Mr. F. Tyldsley and his Inspiration

"That was by way of being an inspiration," this £25 winner observed, "but it did not come 'out of the blue.' I was letting my eye run down the list of *Examples*, and it was caught by KEEPS ME AWAKE.

"'Now, what keeps most people awake?' I asked myself. Often one of three things—illness, uneasy conscience or children—that set me thinking of our own little lad.

"It's about time he was learning some prayers, I thought," went on Mr. Tyldsley. "What should I teach him—'Make me a good boy' . . . 'like Daddy'? It struck me that there was an idea for a *Bullet*, so I quickly added the words, 'Make me,' and there it was."

* * *

Each one of these big winners scored with a *Bullet* based on everyday life. And this week, by linking some simple idea with one of those *Examples* opposite, you can as easily capture £500 and a Magnificent Radiogram, or one of the other big 2-in-1 prizes now waiting for good *Bullets*.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,041.

First Prize, 20s. Weekly for Life plus £10 Holiday Cheque yearly—or £600 cash:

R. TURNER, Mustard Hurn, Martham, Great Yarmouth.
Example: HOUSE WE WANT
Bullet: NEAR WORK HUBBY'S WANTING!

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

A. MILLER WYSE, The Manse, Burray, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney.
Example: That Little Extra
Bullet: Saved—Gives *Worry* "Holiday."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

H. C. ROBERTS, 36, Long Ground, Frome, Som.
Example: Good Workman
Bullet: "Going Cheap"—Depression's "Price."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: J. A. SMITH, 3, Hazel Avenue, Darlington.
In Britain's Hands—"Might" Safe—Weak Safer.

£15: G. WRIGHT, 11, Tennyson Avenue, New Malden, Surrey.
Louder And Louder—"Call" for *Quiet* Thinking.

£10: R. J. HOLLAND, 1, Tiverton Walk, Bristol.
Glass Of Beer—Stays One, Staying *One*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: J. LLOYD, The Bungalow, Surlingham, nr. Norwich.
In The Rush Hour—Your Patience "Serves" Assistants.

£8: Mrs. J. TURLEY, 1,826, Bristol Road, South Longbridge, Birmingham.
Pitiful—*No Kin* To Love.

£7: J. BEALE, "The Drift," West Wratting, Cambs.
In Britain's Hands—More, Britain "In Hand."

£6: Mrs. N. DERBYSHIRE, 10, Beckett Avenue, Stoke-on-Trent.
That Little Extra—Hug, Worth Gift's "Squeeze."

£5: W. SWAINSTON, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea.
Watching The Sunset—Gives Pleasure—"Giver's" Work.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£4 19s.: S. H. DENBY, 57, Whitbread Road, Brockley, S.E.
Good Workman—Felt "Bad." Finishing Bomber.

£4 18s.: W. A. RODGERS, 6, Horringford Road, Liverpool.
Glass Of Beer—Often "Libelled"—Seldom "Damages."

£4 17s.: F. DIXON, 106, Chandos Grove, Weaste, Salford.
Watching The Sunset—Spain—With Anti-aircraft Guns!

£4 16s.: Miss I. HOROBIN, 5, Chapel Ash, Wolverhampton.
In Training—Dad—Soon "Reduced" *That*.

£4 15s.: Mrs. W. KNOTT, 16, Hulme Road, Manchester.
Glass Of Beer—Another "Taxpayer" That's "Foaming."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£4 14s.: M. W. FULLER, 8, Salisbury Terrace, Mytchett, nr. Aldershot.
Louder And Louder—Clanking—Dockyard's "Ghost" *Receding*.

£4 13s.: M. V. ANDREWS, 84, St. George's Road, Wallasey, Ches.
Time To Think—Twice—"Just This Once!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£4 12s.: F. BROOME, 30, Thelwall Avenue, Manchester.
That Little Extra—*One* "Difference" Wifey Welcomes.

£4 11s.: Mrs. S MORLEY, 211, Sherwood Street, Nottingham.
Killing Two Birds—Dad—"Stone" Of Ammunition!

£4 10s.: E. NICHOLLS, 4, Calverhall, Whitchurch, Salop.
Upset—Wifey Is—Then Milliner's.

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

TEN BIG NEW DOUBLE PRIZES OF CASH AND 1,000 NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT!
1,045
GREATEST MILLIONAIRE'S RADIOGRAM OFFER EVER MADE!
HUGE 2-in-1 FIRST PRIZE FOR A 'BULLET'
£500
plus
£26·5s
MILLIONAIRE'S RADIOGRAM
£50 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£25 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£20 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£15 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£10 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£9 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£8 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£7 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£6 PLUS £26.5s. RADIOGRAM
£5 £4.15 £4.10 £4.5 £4
£3.15 £3.10 £3.5 £3 £2.15
£2.10 25 of £1 500 of 2/6
1,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS." 5,000 "STAR TARGETS."
Here's Your MAGNIFICENT "ULTRA" ALL-MAINS AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER RADIOGRAM
Radio reception from unlimited stations that is almost miraculous — records reproduced with amazing fidelity — robot mechanism playing eight in succession without attention — without exhaust fit for a prince — A King amongst Radio Prizes!
VALUE £26. 5s.
ONE WEEK ONLY

BE QUICK FOR YOUR BIG CHEQUE AND MILLIONAIRE'S RADIOGRAM!

WAITING for each of the ten principal cash prize-winners in this week's great *Bullets* Offer is a magnificent "Ultra" Radio Gramophone. To purchase one of these superb instruments, first seen at this year's Olympia Radio Exhibition, would cost you £26 5s. But here are ten big opportunities to obtain one, with a substantial cheque in addition!

"A grand instrument and a beautiful piece of furniture," is the tribute paid to his *Bullets* "Ultra" Radiogram by Mr. G. J. Dyer, 58, Cornwall Road, Ruislip. "Hours of perfect pleasure" is how Mr. A. Morris, Highfield Road, Newport, describes his family's enjoyment of their "Ultra" won in "Bullets" a year ago.

Just think of the thousands of musical thrills that one of these magnificent instruments would bring to you and of the countless good uses to which you could put a substantial JOHN BULL cheque! Spurred on by such thoughts, there is no reason why you should not prove the winner of that huge 2-in-1 First of £500 and Radiogram.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

YOU will find scores of ideas on which to base *Bullets* within the covers of JOHN BULL. Think out a neat phrase and you may well find an *Example* with which to link it in prize-worthy fashion.

Your easiest way, however, is to get your ideas from the *Examples* themselves. Go slowly through the list, pausing at each one that strikes you as promising and jot down each thought that arises from it.

Now each of your completed efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to improve your rough notes into polished *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, that you had scribbled down against the *Example*, LOOKING BACK, the rough idea, *Granny—Looking Forward To Heaven*. From this you could produce a neat tribute to Granny in the typical *Bullet*, LOOKING BACK—ALSO, GRANNY "SEES HEAVEN."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the successful *Bullets* in our 1,041st Contest on the opposite page. Then make a start without delay, for your *Bullets* must reach Long Acre by Saturday, September 19.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 1,045

IN THE WORLD TO-DAY
TO HELP MANKIND
IF TAXPAYER REBELLED
OUR SHARE
HOLDING THE BABY
EUROPE'S TANGLE
FISHERMEN
PAID HER
LIFE IS HARD WHEN
MILE AFTER MILE
SPENT
IN GRAND STYLE
LIKE A BIRD
HUMMING AND HAWING
WHAT SONNY WILL BE
READY TO BURST
GOOD APPETITE
CLUE TO THE MYSTERY
"NOT A WORD!"
AT OUR VILLAGE SPORTS
THE WORM TURNED AND
CAPTURED
BITTER PILL
ON THE RIGHT LINES
KNOCKED ABOUT
NO POWER
READING HIS THOUGHTS
TO BE POPULAR
DODGING
OFF THE RAILS
CALMLY
LOOKING BACK
FROM MY WINDOW
GOOD ENOUGH FOR US
AT SIXES AND SEVENS
NOW DAD'S THE FOREMAN

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and orginality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ACCEPT
48
FREE PAGES
of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS
USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY
Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Affix 1½d. stamp here
Affix 1½d. stamp here

ENTER ON THESE COUPONS BY SAT., SEPT. 19

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,045) Closing SAT., Sept. 19. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Address .....
Signed .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,045) Closing SAT., Sept. 19. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,045) Closing SAT., Sept. 19. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,045) Closing SAT., Sept. 19. P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,045 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,045, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

VITAMIN HUNGER

—The 20th Century Plague

INSIDIOUS—UNSUSPECTED It Saps The Life From Thousands Of Men & Women

YOU Need Yeast-Vite Brand Tablets

Have YOU been feeling unwell lately . . . noticed a growing tendency to **STOMACH TROUBLE,** Headaches and Nerve Troubles; felt **UNACCOUNTABLY WEAK** and **LISTLESS?**

Have YOU experienced a RESTLESSNESS and **NERVINESS . . .** a feeling of acute **STRAIN** and a longing to **GET AWAY FROM IT ALL** before you break down?

Then, in all probability, you are a victim of **VITAMIN HUNGER**—an insidious and unsuspected trouble which is sapping the vitality from countless men and women all over the world!

It is called "Vitamin Hunger"—because its basic cause is a lack in the system of certain vital substances which are absolutely essential to life and health! Scientists and Medical Experts now know that when the system lacks Vitamins the health declines, getting worse and worse until even life itself cannot be supported.

That thousands of people are **AT THIS MOMENT** facing a **SERIOUS DANGER** of Health collapse as the result of this insidious Vitamin Hunger is obvious. A list of no less than 49 distinct symptoms of Vitamin Hunger has been compiled, and they are published on the right for the guidance of sufferers.

Read through the list. If you are suffering from any of these troubles, **ACT AT ONCE!**

You must begin TO-DAY to give back to your body the Health and Strength which it lacks . . . you must **NOURISH** your body with the **VITAMINS** it so urgently requires.

To gain QUICK RELIEF from your suffering—and to gain **LASTING HEALTH,** you must begin **AT ONCE** to take **YEAST-VITE!**

YEAST-VITE provides the Vitamin Nutrition to effectively counteract insidious Vitamin Hunger. In its content of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ) it provides one of the Richest Known Sources of the **VITAL VITAMIN "B".** In addition to this, **YEAST-VITE** provides Tonic Stimulation and Pain Alleviation through the action of other stimulating and restorative Ingredients.

The effect of YEAST-VITE upon the Vitamin Hungry and Health-starved System is swift and dramatic. These Tablets produce an effect which can almost be described as miraculous. **PAINS disappear! WEAKNESS** is changed to **STRENGTH. WEAK, JANGLED** and **JUMPY NERVES** are soothed and steadied! The black clouds of Depression roll away and life becomes Happy, Joyous and Worth Living!!

You attack your work with vim and vigour . . . you feel younger—healthier—more Vitally **ALIVE.**

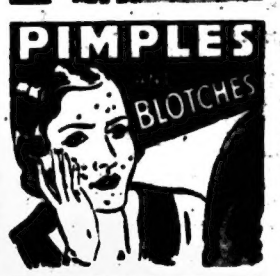
Do not delay—do not hesitate! Do not watch your health go down hill! You **MUST** feed your body with the Vitamin Health it lacks—you **MUST** at once **FACE FACTS** and rely on **YEAST-VITE** with its **TRIPLE BENEFIT** of **PAIN ALLEVIATION, TONIC STIMULATION** and **VITAMIN NUTRITION** to free you from that insidious Health Decline!

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of **"YEAST-VITE"** Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not **THOROUGHLY CONVINCED** of the **WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY** and **TONIC PROPERTIES** of **"YEAST-VITE,"** return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

YEAST-VITE *Brand Tablets* Sold Everywhere **3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

Have You Any of The 49 SYMPTOMS OF VITAMIN HUNGER?



(1) NERVE INFLAMMATION:
(2) Neuritis,
(3) Neuralgia,
(4) Headaches,
(5) Sciatica,
(6) Lumbago, etc.,

(7) MUSCULAR TENDERNESS:
(8) Rheumatic-like Pains,
(9) Aches in the Limbs,
(10) Tenderness over Stomach and Chest,
(11) Pains in Biceps or Calf, etc.,

(12) SKIN AFFECTIONS:

(13) DIGESTIVE DISTURBANCES:
(14) Flatulence,
(15) Heartburn,
(16) Stomach Pain,
(17) Sickness,
(18) After-meal Sleepiness, etc.,

(19) HEART PALPITATION:
This need not be due to any heart disease, but probably just the result of the general bodily weakness. Nevertheless, it is very frightening and disturbing.

(20) NERVOUS TROUBLE:
(21) Irritability,
(22) Lack of Confidence,
(23) Depression,
(24) Indigestion,
(25) Worrying about Health,

(26) WEAKNESS:
(27) Shortness of Breath,
(28) Loss of Appetite,
(29) Distaste for Work,
(30) Inability to perform much Physical Effort,
(31) Lassitude,
(32) Faintness,
(33) Weariness,
(34) Feeling of Collapse,

(35) SLEEPLESSNESS:
(36) Brain Fag,
(37) Nerve Pains,
(38) Worrying over Trifles,
(39) Needless Anxiety,
(40) Mental Fatigue and Dullness,
(41) Inability to Concentrate, etc.,

(42) GIDDINESS:

(43) CONSTIPATION:
(44) Impure Blood,
(45) Rheumatism,
(46) Pimples and Blotches,
(47) Liverish Complexion,
(48) Liver Disorder,
(49) Kidney Weaknesses.

225 B 36

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A 197